The Chicago Tribune.

VOL. 24. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1871. NO. 358.

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE.

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALE.

TO RENT—HOUSES.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

TO RENT—STORES, OFFICES, ETC.

TO RENT—ROOMS.

LOST AND FOUND.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

AGENTS WANTED.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INSTRUCTION.

PARTNERS WANTED.

SEWING MACHINES.

NEW YORK.

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BOSS TWEED'S LATEST VICTORY.

The Democratic Ship Being Wrecked by Irish Catholics.

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FIRST BALE OF NEW COTTON.

An Agent of the Havana Cigar Manufacturers Making Strange Discoveries.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

THE TAMMANY FRAUDS.

NEW YORK, July 28.—There is good reason to believe that a large number of the most influential citizens in the community have agreed to call a public meeting, and to resist the payment of any further taxation until the present rulers of the city have been forced to render an account of their stewardship. [illegible]

THE VIOLENT COURSE OF THE IRISH CATHOLICS

[illegible]

ILLINOIS.

Official Circular to the Public—The Feeble-Minded Institution—Special Election—Soldiers' Orphans' Home—Appointments—New Incorporations.

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Distressing Occurrence at Rock Falls.

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Burglary at Harvard.

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Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

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[illegible]

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SUMMER RESORT.

SEA VIEW HOUSE.

PROFESSIONAL.

WANTED.

IRON BEDSTEADS.

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DISSOLUTION.

DISSOLUTION.

DISSOLUTION.

The Chicago Tribune.

[illegible] TRIBUNE COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1871.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

The President of the National Labor Union has issued a call for the fifth annual convention of the union, to be held in St. Louis, on the 7th of August next. The same organization has called a political convention, to be held at Columbus, Ohio, on the third Wednesday in October, to nominate candidates for President and Vice President of the United States. The division of the body into two conventions, one exclusively political, will probably leave the St. Louis convention at liberty to consider questions purely pertaining to labor. Hitherto the two subject have been so sadly mixed as to result in a threatened disruption of the organization. The attempt to force the great body of workingmen, represented in the union, into a distinct political party, to be arrayed against all other workingmen, was, for a long time, successfully resisted; but, under the lead of a number of persons having special nostrums for the cure of national evils, the organization has been induced to attempt the part of a political party. The result is a most incongruous compilation of the rudest theories, which have been put forth as the "basis" for political action, and to adopt which one or both of the political parties of the country must consent, or be defeated. As specimens of this "basis" we make the following extracts:

"The rate of interest governs the distribution of products; hence, the present rates are the chief means of maintaining inequality of distribution."
"A gold basis is a fallacy, intended by speculative capital."
"A national paper currency, convertible into bonds bearing a rate of interest below the annual increase of wealth, and based on the national wealth, and receivable for all debts, public and private."
"Abolition of the National banks."
"Eight hours to be a day's labor."
"Opposition to Chinese labor."
"Money necessary for wars to be collected from the wealth of the country, and not funded into debts."

There are other propositions set forth in the platform, but these will suffice to show the crudity of thought among those who have imposed them upon the workmen. The first great error in this entire basis is in assuming that values can be regulated and controlled by statutes, and that a man can be compelled to lend money at any specified rate of interest, or that he can be compelled to exchange his labor or his property for paper currency, without regard to its value. The law may compel a man to take a greenback or any other evidence of debt in payment of what may be due him, which is but legalized confiscation; but there is no law which can compel him to exchange his property against his will. The second fallacy which underlies this platform is, that it seeks to raise wages, to reduce the aggregate of production, and increase the cost of production, and does not provide an equally arbitrary price for commodities. Of what avail is it to raise wages, if the holders of all commodities raise the price thereof in the same proportion? The price of an article of food is the cost of producing it, the cost of distributing it, manufacturing it, and the profit of all those who handle it between the producer and the consumer. A bushel of wheat may be sold at a profit for $1 by the producer. Before that wheat reaches the consumer, the labor of transporting it, and the profit of those through whose hands it may pass, increase the cost in the form of bread to $2. To double the cost of production, and the cost of distributing and of profits, does not work any practical benefit to the consumer, who, with doubled wages, has to pay $4 for the same quantity of bread. The great delusion of all these persons is in supposing that any benefit can result to any class, or to the country, by reducing production, or in assuming that a general famine is better than general abundance. That nation is the wealthiest which produces the most at the least cost; that nation is the furthest removed from pauperism which produces the largest surplus to sell to other people in exchange for their products. The less the cost of production the greater the consumption, and the greater the employment for producers, and, where there is universal employment with an abundance of everything needed, there can be no pauperism and no enforced idleness. Who are the laboring or producing classes in the United States? Those engaged in agriculture form a considerable portion of the producers; to these must be added those engaged in all the branches of transportation and distribution. Those which constitute the great bulk of the fine producers are not represented in the Labor Congress, but are assumed to have interests opposed to labor. The Labor Union, stripped of its assumptions, is a representative of certain classes of skilled labor, and nothing more. Their labor is employed in adding value and in preparing certain natural and other productions for consumption. In this they are like the railroad man, the expressman, or any other workman employed to handle goods. They over-estimate their importance when they vote themselves to be the exclusive workingmen of the country. In their effort to reduce production and increase that part of the cost pertaining to their several branches of industry, they overlook the fact that they are not the only producers. When they appeal to statutes to provide for their exactions from the general public, they forget that the general public have the means of self-protection. Iron puddlers may declare that three hours a day shall be a day's labor, and the wages shall be $10. But, unless the iron puddler has also the means of keeping down the price of bread, meat, clothes and shoes, and these all advance to a greater extent than his wages, the special law in his favor is a positive injury to him. No scheme which fixes wages and reduces the hours and the amount of production can prove of any special benefit to the class who propose it, unless there be also a prohibition upon any corresponding increase in the prices of commodities produced by the labor of other men. All experience shows that the incidence of a tax increase is in excess of the increase in the tax. Where the cost of producing an article is $1, and the cost of handling and the profits of the dealers amount to 100 per cent on the cost, if the original cost of production be doubled, the increase of the cost of the intermediary agencies will be, perhaps, 125 per cent, making the cost to the consumer $4.50. The general public, including the skilled laborers, are all consumers, and, consequently, are directly injured by the change. The Labor Union proposes to limit the price, or the interest value of money, and they have only to go a little further and regulate the selling price of breadstuffs.

But this platform proposes that, in addition to reducing production, restraining consumption, and bringing the country as near to famine prices as possible, we shall repudiate gold values, and adopt an irredeemable paper currency; and this is proposed as a means of improving the condition of the workingman! Summed up, the plan proposes to so increase the cost of production that consumption must be reduced to the lowest possible amount; that those employed shall, necessarily, feed those unemployed; and that the consequent high prices shall be proportionately inflated by the use of a depreciated and irredeemable paper currency. Upon this platform they propose to cut loose from all political parties, and, organizing as a distinct and separate class, have their own candidates for President and Vice President.

There can be no reasonable objection to any persons banding together to support candidates of their own choice for office; but, if these workingmen want to make a fair test, they should not sell out to mere politicians who are coquetting with them. Let them nominate candidates from their own ranks; let them have, in fact as well as in name, a Labor Union ticket, with men belonging to the craft. Thus protected against the treachery of wily politicians, let them distinctly present their policy of reduced production and depreciated currency to the approval of the laboring and producing people of the country, and patiently await the result.

A PHENOMENON EXPLAINED.

The Board of Health report that the condition of the water in the North Branch has been materially improved since the South Branch has been turned into the canal. The water is said to be comparatively pure as far north as Division, and some claim to North street or Clybourne avenue. It is also reported by the board that the numerous slips and lateral canals on the South Branch have been materially bettered, and even horrible Healy's Slough and the nearly as bad Ogden Slip are reported by Dr. Rauch to be much less offensive than they were before "Michigan married the fair Illinois." These gratifying results were not expected to follow the completion of the deep cut. Every one anticipated that the free flow of water from the South Branch through the canal would purify the river from its outlet to Bridgeport; but nobody claimed that a stream of water flowing through the main river and South Branch could purify the North Branch or remove the stagnant water from the lateral canals. The stream from the lake merely run past the mouth of the sluggish North Branch, and past the outlets of the slips and sloughs which extended back considerable distance at right angles with the running stream. How could it change the water in the North Branch bayou and in those lateral canals? Nevertheless, it seems to be doing it. The bad odors exhaled from them have, in great measure, disappeared, and the water in them looks fresher and cleaner and is far less offensive than it was last season, or this one before the lake water flowed through the South Branch into the canal.

The fact being undeniable, there must be a reason for it. We have seen none suggested that explains the phenomenon at all satisfactorily; but we will present one that offers a solution at once, simple and adequate, to produce the effects observed and admitted.

It is a well-known fact that warm water is lighter than cold, and will rise to the top, leaving the cold water at the bottom. Start a little fire under a kettle and the warm water immediately begins to rise, and that on the top in turn to sink. Standing water, heated by the sun, is warmest on top and coolest on the bottom, and the sun's rays, no matter how powerful, will penetrate downward but a comparatively short distance into water. Every boy knows, who has bathed in a pool where there was little or no stream running in or out, how very cold the water would be at the bottom, and how warm at the surface of the pool. In running water this difference is not perceptible, because the water is mixed by the current, and the hot and cold is being constantly commingled.

Any one who examined the temperature of the water of the almost motionless North Branch, and the entirely stagnant water of the slips and sloughs before "Michigan was married to the fair Illinois," must have discovered that the water for the first two or three feet down was, perhaps, fifteen or more degrees warmer than that on the bottom, or the lake water which he drew from his hydrant. The tendency of this warm surface water is to stay at the top, and the cold water below to remain at the bottom, because the former is lighter than the latter.

The water of the lake is cooler in summer by many degrees than that in the North Branch or the sloughs and slips—certainly much cooler than that in them for the first four or five feet down, and, being cooler, it is also heavier. The water now passing through the main river and South Branch is this pool, dense lake water which, in flowing past the mouth of the North Branch and the slips aforesaid, comes in contact with a warmer and lighter water. Being heavier, the lake water pushes its way into those bayous, and, by virtue of its superior specific gravity, this lighter water is necessarily driven out of them to make room for the denser lake fluid. Thus a current is produced; the sun-heated surface water of the North Branch and the slips flows out into the main channel, where it is cooled by mixing with the stream from the lake and carried off. In this way the water of the North Branch and the slips is being gradually but certainly changed. The sun continually produces warm surface water in them, to be as continually replaced with cooler water from the lake. The hotter the sun's rays the faster the water of the slips and sloughs is changed by the inflowing cooler water. The winds and waves on the lake always bring cool water to the mouth of the river, and it has long been observed that the main river never got into so foul a condition as the South Branch. As far up as Clark street bridge it rarely emitted much disagreeable odor, while the water at Madison, Twelfth, or Halsted street bridge would be perfectly sickening to the senses of smell and sight. The reason was that cold, dense water was continually flowing up stream some distance to take the place of the warm, light surface-water heated by the sun which was pushed forward into the lake, where it spread off and partook of the surrounding temperature. Heat expands all substances, while cold contracts them. Heat makes a substance lighter to a given bulk, while cold renders it denser and heavier. Heat is also forever diffusing itself and in search of an equilibrium. When there is more of it in one place than another, the excess flows into the deficit until they come to an equality and condition of rest or balance. It is this law of caloric that causes the ocean currents, as well as air currents, and it is this law that is purifying the North Branch and the stagnant slips and sloughs of the South Branch of the Chicago River. Whether it will prove adequate to the end, time will show. That it is doing much good the experience of the past fortnight fully demonstrates.

A BAD CASE OF YEARNING.

The human heart naturally sympathizes with all victims of the disease or sentiment known as love-sickness, or mutual attachment, or natural affinity, or whatever else it may be called, which disturbs two beings usually of opposite sexes, and attracts them toward each other. The general disposition is, when two turtle-doves are yearning for each other with all their might, to let them be mated forthwith. Where two souls have but a single thought between them, it is folly to compel them to exist separately with but half a thought to each soul, as it were. And yet it has been discovered, by a careful observer of human life, that the course of true love rarely, or, as the proverb has it, never runs smooth—a paradoxical fact, in view of what we have already stated; but a true one, nevertheless, the reason whereof we will not stop to inquire into in a general way at present.

There is a particular case of yearning, however, where this sort of fluvial obstruction has supervened, and which may, perhaps, reward investigation by a discovery. The yearner of the first part is the city of Dubuque, and the yearnee of the second part—the yearnee, we might say, if Worcester allowed it—is the city of Milwaukee. These two towns may be found upon any good map of the Northwest. The passion of Dubuque has been whispered already—in fact shouted—to her paramour, by one of her organs of speech (by which expression we intend to designate her local press). The Telegraph, alluding to the fact of a railroad connection soon to be established—"the C. D. & M. Road and McGregor" (and the joke, we may explain, is chiefly on the C.)—mentions that "the merchants of Milwaukee are already holding out the right hand of fellowship to the business men of Dubuque;" and upon that hint thus avows a passion of long standing—a severe chronic case, we may say:

"These two neighboring cities have been held too long apart, although both have long yearned for a more intimate and closer relationship [illegible] twenty years ago, it is true, first awakened [illegible] the necessity of railroad connection with her more eastern neighbors, cast her first glance toward Milwaukee as the place with which it would be most profitable and desirable to be connected."

Think of that tender maiden by the Mississippi, sitting and "yearning" all those twenty years, and casting vain, though amorous, "glances" at her stolid affinity on Lake Michigan! Her "first" maiden glances, too! And all the while that she sat and "yearned for a more intimate relationship," and eligible opportunities came and went—passed and repassed, like the single gentlemen before the window of Mrs. Bardell in the story—the slow and soggy object of her yearnings sat and sipped his beer—sat and sipped, and nothing more. Did nothing toward cementing friendship, pledging affection, plighting troth, or establishing any of friendship's intimate ties, especially railroad ties; those simple sticks of scrub oak, which, growing all along the line which ought to be, but never has been, built, were also, doubtless, "yearning" to be chopped down and hewn into shape for this particular service!

Thus twenty years passed on, and Milwaukee, never tired of bragging about his bricks and beer, seems never to have dreamed of the wealth of maiden affection which was being lavished on his stupid head. Ah! as Percival says:

"Unhappy he, who lets a tender heart,
Bound to him by the ties of earliest love,
Fall from him by his own neglect, and die
Because it met no kindness!"

Now, this quotation applies so charmingly that we have no doubt it was inspired by this particular case, the more especially since it is known that its author was a State Geologist of Wisconsin, employed for a considerable period along the very route through which stretched that imaginary line, the Milwaukee & Dubuque Railroad. He doubtless caught his inspiration from those yearning scrub oaks, whence his allusion to "ties." His "earliest love" is corroborated by the Telegraph's "first glances," and "fall from him and die" evidently alludes to the gloomy period through which the yearner of the first part passed during the decade preceding 1860, but from which she has now—thanks to Chicago railroad enterprise—happily emerged. The railroad enterprise is—perhaps rather slightingly, but we let that pass—alluded to as we proceed with Dubuque's declaration:

"But the indignities of that period [illegible] have been contracted, but the first desire of Dubuque was neither yet been gratified, nor has it expired in the mind of our people."

Those "other relations" have, of course, been accepted as a mere makeshift—a sort of mariage de convenance. They have enabled Dubuque commerce to get to tide-water by "the best route, and have saved the city from ruin. But what is commerce, what is filthy lucre, when compared with a "yearning" which yearns, though unrequited, twenty years on a stretch! To pervert another poet (for this is eminently a poetical subject), better twenty years of Milwaukee and natural affinity, than a cycle of Chicago and money-making. Therefore, we are not surprised to learn from the same authority above cited that "The hope of a near and more direct route of commerce between here and Milwaukee has never pied out" [meaning died out], and that the needle of Dubuque's affections has continued to point steadily—or, rather, "with every revival of railroad enthusiasm," which is about once a month—to the pole of Milwaukee. Then comes the following triumphant announcement:

"At last, after twenty years' waiting, or hope deferred, and sickened [illegible] great law of trade, that the best market will find [illegible] direct—railway to Milwaukee. This, we need not say, will be by means of the C. D. & M. Road to McGregor, and thence by way of the Milwaukee & St. Paul Road."

Now the modest reticence with which the name of the beneficent new railroad is withheld! Why half a column of jubilation over the good which the new route to Milwaukee is going to confer, and only three little letters for the cause of all this happiness? Ah! there's the rub. And, as we have already hinted, the joke is on the C. The royal road by which Dubuque is to pour the wealth of her affection and of her agricultural resources, also, into the lap of Milwaukee—the chord by which the rich rapport is to be established between the two hearts that beat as one—the "tie" which is to bind together the yearning and the yearned for—is the Chicago, Dubuque & Minnesota Railway, running northeast from Dubuque (whereas Milwaukee is east), and built and operated by the Illinois Central Railway as a feeder for its Northern Division! Now, the bane of it all is, and this is the proof that even the purest and most freely gushing currents of true love "will never run smooth"—that the Illinois Central Road, being a sordid corporation, desirous of making money by carrying produce and merchandise over as many miles of its lines as possible, will not naturally favor the transmission of these via McGregor, to be carried mainly by the St. Paul Company, but will rather choose to have them sent via Dubuque to Chicago. So that embracing Milwaukee over this obstacle is a much harder case than poor Thisbe's kissing her Pyramus through a hole in her father's brick wall. Nevertheless, the Telegraph may felicitate Dubuque, if it is determined to do some felicitating anyhow, upon the fact that communication, much more direct, and over better roads than the route referred to, can be had via Central Road to Chicago, and thence via Northwestern to Milwaukee; and produce and merchandise can be sent thus, if it is found profitable.

We print in another column the details of a reported massacre by Cheyenne Indians, in the vicinity of Fort Sill. The story is that a wagon train, with fourteen drivers, was ambuscaded by Indians, nine of the drivers shot down in the fight which ensued, and two of them horribly tortured afterwards, the remaining three only saving their lives by escaping and travelling on foot 125 miles in three days. The story has all the circumstantiality of fact, while, at the same time, it is wrought out with somewhat of the finish of fiction. It seems to be credited by the journal from which we take it; but has as yet not been confirmed from any of the points whence some confirmation might be expected. The worst of it is, it is only such a story as the atrocities of these hyenas of the plains—the Cheyennes, Sioux, Apaches, and the like—have prepared the people to credit readily. It is only such a story as we shall be obliged to hear and believe so long as any of these hyenas are left to infest our borders.

Chicago has had a jubilee over the completion of the canal which connects Lake Michigan with the Mississippi, through the Chicago River. Now we hope the Chicago papers will no longer oppose the improvement of the Fox and Wisconsin, a work of infinitely more importance.—Oshkosh Northwestern.

The people of Chicago completed this canal at their own expense. They have expended four millions of dollars on the work. Now, let those interested in the Fox and Wisconsin River canals go to work and pay for their own improvement, and not be waiting to have the whole country taxed for their benefit.

The vexed question, whether cundurango is a cure for cancer or not, will soon be settled. A recent arrival at New York has brought a considerable quantity of the drug, which is being rapidly scattered through the country. Large orders have gone forward, we understand, for Chicago, some of which have already been filled.

The city turned out (say) fifteen thousand people yesterday, to witness a game of ball between eighteen men, who were hired for the purpose. It is sufficient to say that no fifteen thousand people of Chicago have ever experienced so large an aggregate of excitement (and exhilaration, too, dance outside beat,) within two hours' time, since Judge Caton and his fellow pioneers first squatted in our primeval swamps. Tunnel dedications, canal openings, Long John campaigns—all pale their ineffectual fires before this knocking and catching match. Not only this, but we have our spasms of base ball from once to three times every week. It is the first American realization of the English Derby excitement, with the exception that people in much more frequent than John Bull's. It is no longer the sporting classes alone who patronize these matches, but ladies and gentlemen generally, without distinction of class. We desire, on this occasion, to score a point for the national character, if possible, and, accordingly, we suggest that no people under heaven can excel the Americans in the manly art of sitting on a bench and seeing eighteen men play ball.

THE NORTHWEST.

ILLINOIS.

Mrs. Robert Hay, of Milo, Bureau County, had her fourteenth child last week.

—Saratoga Township, Marshall County, came near having a case of lynch law the other day. Mr. John Scully had a difficulty with a hired man, who disappeared. Suspicion of murder was aroused, and a meeting of over eighty people was held to determine whether they would hang Scully, or wait till they knew whether he deserved hanging. They finally decided on the latter course, and Scully bestirred himself to find the missing man, to save his own neck. He was successful, the man being discovered at work in Bureau County, and produced alive and uninjured.

—The Masonic Journal of the 24th says:

"Last Wednesday, John Murray, the well-known Metropolis and Vienna teamster, who lived a few miles beyond New Columbia, in Johnson County, [illegible] found just along side; a report instantly followed, and John Murray fell over in the wagon, [illegible] found to the murderer."

IOWA.

Mrs. Caroline Cooper, who settled in Polk County in 1845, when the Indians still lived there, died on Sunday last.

WISCONSIN.

—The emigrant train of Sunday morning brought a fair young German girl to La Crosse. She stopped at the Dean House, the saw Fred, the clerk, and Fred saw her. They were married on Monday, and Fred and "frau" have set up for themselves.

—The Mineral Point Tribune of July 21 says: Colonel Thomas Stephens died at his residence in Dodgeville, last Saturday evening, aged 55 years. Colonel S. was one of the oldest residents of Iowa County, having settled here more than thirty years ago. He enjoyed the reputation of being the best swordsman in the Union, having become proficient in sword exercise while acting as a member of the Queen's Life Guards in England. At the outbreak of the Southern rebellion he offered his services to the government, and entered the United States service as Lieutenant Colonel of the [illegible] Wisconsin Volunteer Cavalry. After a term of service he became enfeebled in health, and resigned, came home to Dodgeville with the hope of regaining his health; but in vain.

MICHIGAN.

—Miss Ada Shriver, daughter of Dr. John W. Shriver, of Dayton, has received the appointment of instructor of painting in the University of Michigan.

KANSAS.

In Southern Kansas, a few days ago, a laborer, probably sun-struck, took off all his clothes and went to galloping up and down in a corn-field. Suddenly he got black in the face, laid down and died. The coroner's jury sat upon him, noticed his nudity, and rendered a verdict that he "died of exposure!"

OHIO.

Mr. William Dugan, once a Democratic member of the Board of Education in Cleveland, has been sent to the House of Correction for continued drunkenness and incurable vagrancy.

—A terrible hail-storm visited Cumberland on the 21st inst. The next day hail was lying in piles on the road-side to the depth of [illegible] [illegible] of having been struck by blight.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The death rate of [illegible] New York $1,500,000.

—It will take $14,000 to restore one glass in the Palace of the Luxembourg.

—Paper table cloths are the latest novelty announced.

—Nine-tenths of all the school-teachers in Massachusetts are women.

—The river fare from New York to Albany is now ten cents.

—The Great Council (Legislature) of the Swiss Canton of Geneva has abolished capital punishment by 47 against 10 votes.

—While a Cincinnati wasp and tarantula were fighting, a toad swallowed both and soon after expired in great pain.

—In Sweden, female students are admitted to the universities, like male students, upon passing the regular college examinations.

—A New Haven reporter, seeking information about Yale College of some "Scabs," was taken for a Freshman, and hazed accordingly, to his great disgust.

—The Registrar-General of England states that the population of the United Kingdom is increasing at the rate of 1,173 a day. But emigration takes away one of the number, leaving 750 a day to swell the population at home.

—A lady in Halifax County, Va., who was born last, was the mother of three boys at a time, some of them living, was [illegible] before last the mother of four boy babies, all hearty and kicking.

—There is but one pauper in all Ireland, and he takes his certificate from the county of Down. The fact appears in the Parliamentary returns, and occupies a whole page. "There are in England and Wales 1,027 paupers, and in Scotland 71,000."

—The English Antiquarian Society, at its last thinly-attended eighteenth annual meeting, adopted a resolution to the effect that there was reason to be anxious for posterity in the extent to which smoking was practised by the youth and young men of England.

—The Paris Figaro has propounded a novel and interesting theory concerning the war. It claims that, notwithstanding appearances, France was really the victor. The Emperor went to war to prevent a Hohenzollern Prince from sitting on the throne of Spain, and in point of fact, France achieved the task then set before it.

—They have a way in England of putting life insurance policies up at auction and selling them to the highest bidder. Sometimes the buyer makes a good speculation, and sometimes he doesn't. Recently a policy of £1,000 on the life of a Liverpool merchant, aged 60, was thus auctioned off for £150. It had only been running a little over a year, and therefore had no dividend accumulations to increase its value. The curious part of the affair, however, is the fact that the insured died just two days after the sale of the policy, and the fortunate purchaser realized, in 48 hours, $13,000 upon his investment of $750.

—The Halifax Citizen says, in reference to the Treaty of Washington: "It is a well-known fact that the treaty must be ratified by the Canadian Parliament, or else some such remedy for this disguised Stamp Act must be taken by the Canadians as that taken by our American cousins when they make a gigantic teapot of Boston harbor. The British Parliament has ratified it. President Grant has, in a proclamation, announced that the treaty is a fixed fact. Who in the Dominion is fool enough to think that the combined exertions of all the loyal subjects of Her Majesty, resident in Canada, could change one provision of the Washington Capitulation?"

—An interesting object is the chronopher, or instrument from which all England is supplied with correct time. Sixteen of the most important cities in the kingdom are in direct communication with this instrument, which is itself in direct communication with the Observatory at Greenwich. At 9:58 o'clock every morning all other work is suspended, in order that there may be no interference with what is called the "time current," which, precisely at the striking of the clock, flashes the intelligence to the sixteen stations with which it is in communication. And not merely at these large towns, but at every Post Office throughout the kingdom, the clerks at 9:58 o'clock, are on the lookout for the signal which is being passed along their line, and the clocks are adjusted accordingly. Messrs. Dent, Benson, and all the principal watchmakers in London receive the time every hour from this chronopher. Time guns at Newcastle and at Shields are also fired at 1 p. m. by batteries connected with the chronopher, the clock attached to which is regulated for accuracy to the twentieth part of a second.

—The admirable registration system of England gives the best of opportunities to study the social questions now exciting so general interest. The returns of ten years on the extent of pauperism and insanity in England have just been published. It appears from these tables that the number of paupers in England and Wales has increased from 883,921 in 1861, to 1,032,800 in 1870. The percentage of pauperism increased from 4.4 to 4.55. The returns show on the whole a steady increase, although in 1861 the number of paupers were larger, and in 1865 but slightly smaller than in 1870; but this was owing to the cotton famine. The increase was steady during the last five years. The pauperism of London has shown an increase so large that it accounts for more than one-third of that in all England. There were in 1861 but 96,000 paupers in London, or 3.4 per cent of the population. In 1870 there were 150,361, or 4.6 per cent. The returns of insanity are much more alarming. In 1861 there were 28,083 lunatic paupers in the asylums of England and Wales, being one to every 1,000 of the population. At the same time the lunatic paupers of London were 3,300, or almost exactly one to 800 of population. In 1870 there were 38,933 lunatic paupers in England and Wales, of whom 5,343 were the insane poor of London, being one to every 700 for the kingdom, and one to 543 in London. As these figures by no means include all the insane, the prevalence of mental disease in England is shown to be frightful.

PERSONAL.

The Revolution calls Gail Hamilton a "feeble scold."

—The Earl of Winchelsea's debts amount to about £150,000; his only assets are furniture valued at £150.

—Ernst Immanuel Bekker, a renowned philologist and professor of the University of Berlin, died June 7, aged 86.

—Worth, the celebrated French male modiste, has returned to Paris, and once more is cutting and fitting dresses.

—The grandfather of George H. Pendleton was the second of Alexander Hamilton in his duel with Aaron Burr.

—Gilbert Wicker died recently at the Warren County, N. Y., Almshouse. He was born in Stillwater in 1756, and participated in the battle there which caused the surrender of Burgoyne.

—Miss Lydia Nye wears the honors of "champion female pedestrian" of Bennington, Vt., having walked, the other day, thirty miles within eight hours, over a rough and mountainous road.

—Governor Randolph, of New Jersey, has engaged a cottage for the season at Greenbrier (White Sulphur) Springs, Va., and so have Jefferson Davis, General Beauregard, and General John C. Breckinridge.

—Mrs. Regina Du Cin, who successfully performed six chirurgical operations in the city hospital of Trieste, Austria, was lately rewarded by the city authorities with a present of 100 gold pieces and a letter of thanks.

—The Indiana Courier says that John Bright, during his stay in [illegible], enjoyed angling on the Spey, sometimes spending whole days at his sport. His visit to the North seems to have greatly improved his health.

—Professor Huxley, in a late lecture, said that the present feminine fashions outrage all common sense by displaying a woman's figure in the form of a candle-extinguisher upside down; but he also thought the present style of dress is physically injurious and anatomically monstrous.

—Thurlow Weed has experienced but little benefit to his health from his European travel. It is said that he thinks of returning home some time during the coming autumn. His physicians think he is worn out from excess of worry and work.

—The New York Sun says: "It has been generally supposed that Peter B. Sweeney was unmarried. It appears, however, that he was married several years ago, and that he is a man of family. It has been known among his intimate friends; but the fact only came publicly to light upon a deed being placed on record signed by him and his wife."

—Koopmanschap, the importer of heathen Chinese, has been to Tuscaloosa, Ala., to look after the interests of about 200 Chinamen who were taken there to work on a railroad, and have received no pay. He found them living in blackberries and crawfish, and probably deemed the diet healthy for the Mongolian constitution, as he left them to continue the same regimen.

—Captain George W. Alexander, who was the rebel commandant of Castle Thunder at Richmond, and of the Salisbury (N. C.) Military Prison for a while, has become the business manager and general superintendent of the Memphis (Tenn.) Appeal. At the close of the rebellion he was reported to have fled the country from fear that, on account of his cruelty to prisoners under his charge, he would be assassinated.

—General L. F. Hubbard, an original Republican, an early volunteer Union soldier, a unit among the bold Minnesota boys during the rebellion, and now one of the most successful merchants and millers of the well-known firm of Hubbard & Brown, Red Wing, Minn., has recently spread himself to some extent in the way of an elegant mansion, just completed for him, upon the bluff overlooking the charming Valley of the Mississippi, at the northern extremity of Lake Pepin. The General used to fight the political war in Chicago, at a time, too, when the animal was not quite so tame as he is at the present writing.

—General Sherman arrived at midnight at a prominent Saratoga hotel, dressed in an old soiled duster buttoned close to his throat, with his straggling red beard radiating in a thousand separate and distinct directions, and, without giving his name, inquired if he could have a room. The clerk, in the blandest manner, informed him that he had but one left, a very poor one in the fourth story. When the clerk had read the name of the distinguished guest he had no difficulty finding a splendid room vacant on the ground floor in front.

—Having been elected a member of the New York Liberal Club, Victor Hugo writes to the Secretary:

VIANDEN, GRAND DUCHY OF LUXEMBOURG, July 6, 1871.

DEAR FRIENDS [illegible] thanks and acceptance of membership. I receive with pleasure your kind and friendly communication. Let us multiply the ties between the two hemispheres! Let all here [illegible] VICTOR HUGO.

—A Saratoga correspondent writes thus: "A paper lies before me announcing the death of a once eminent clergyman. He died in an obscure village in Canada. He was settled in the city of New York. His society was rich, large, and fashionable. He rode on the wave of popular favor, crowds attended his ministry, and his pay was large. In the height of his popularity a letter was received by the principal warden of the church late one Saturday night, announcing his resignation, and saying that he had sailed for Europe that day. No reason was assigned, and the parish were in a state of great excitement. After a time the pastor came back. His reasons for his course were stranger than his conduct. The principal one was that he was subject to blackmail, and he could endure it no longer. He was soon settled in an adjoining city, over an important charge. His popularity was renewed. But soon he left, went to Canada, took the place of an assistant minister in a small charge, and there he died. His secret died with him."

POLITICAL.

The Lebanon (Tenn.) Courier says that the Democratic party at the present moment reminds one of a wasp—very nearly in two pieces, with the larger piece behind.

—The Ottawa (Ill.) Republican has a report that the Hon. B. C. Cook, member of Congress from the Sixth District of this State, is about to resign, in order to accept the position of Solicitor General of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway Company.

—It is reported in Washington that Mr. W. W. Holden, who was recently impeached and removed from the office of Governor of North Carolina, is to be the editor of a Republican newspaper soon to be started in Washington. The paper will advocate general amnesty, reduction of taxes, and oppose further agitation of the repudiation of the debt, upon the ground that its rapid payment is to be burdensome, and [illegible] the next generation.

—Mr. Morgan C. Hamilton, one of the Texas Senators, has published an address to the Republicans of that State, urging them to begin reforming the State Government. He is in favor of an election of a new Legislature this fall. Texas is in a peculiar situation. No definite provision was made in the State constitution for the elections of Legislature to succeed the present one, and politicians interpret it to suit themselves. Governor Davis has thus far declined to appoint an election, and the Democrats are making a good deal of capital of that fact.

—The following appears in the New York Tribune:

To the Editor of the Tribune:

SIR: [illegible]

HENRY CLAY DEAN.

Rebel's Cave, Putnam County, Mo., July 15, 1871.

—The Republican State Central Committee of Pennsylvania has issued an address to the people, appealing once more for their support, and reviewing the past history of the Republican party in the State and in the United States. The address recalls some suggestive facts and figures in the political history of Pennsylvania, showing that the Republican administration of State finances has been economical and honest. The late civil war is referred to briefly in order to show how, while the nation was recovering from that struggle, the last three amendments to the constitution became necessary; and the adoption of these amendments is pointed at as one of the grandest achievements of modern times. It is argued that to secure and defend the enfranchised colored people in the rights and privileges thus conceded to them is one of the unaccomplished duties of the nation, and that no party is so fit to be entrusted with this work as that which has performed the preliminary labors. The Democratic party has resisted this policy heretofore, and it is also opposed to measures needed to raise revenue to provide for the public debt; this party is also opposed to just and equal the liquidation of the public debt, as it was opposed to every measure necessary for a successful prosecution of the war and a speedy restoration of peace. It is urged that this party, too, is generally committed to any line of policy which shall remit the country to its condition prior to 1860. Referring to the recent action of the Pennsylvania Democracy relative to the new amendments to the constitution, the address takes the ground that the action of the State Convention has not been accepted by the rank and file of the party, but it a grudging and sullen acquiescence there is no such acceptance, and the adoption of the "New Departure" is confession that the Republicans were right and the Democrats were wrong; what need, then, of the further existence of the Democratic party? After warmly commending the present Republican administration of the government for its wise economy and successful foreign policy, the address says that to continue the Republican party in power is to continue the policy begun, both in State and nation, of maintaining the public debt, reducing taxation, settling international difficulties without bloodshed, and sustaining the great principles involved in the momentous questions growing out of the war. To restore the Democratic party to power is to destroy the public credit, pave the way for repudiation, bring in the old Rule of corruption, mismanagement, and extravagance, and open up anew all the questions involved in the reconstruction of the Southern States, now settled upon an honorable basis. In proof of the unfitness of the Democratic party to be entrusted with power, the committee calls attention to the extravagance of the last Pennsylvania Legislature—which had a Democratic majority—and to the miserable record of the New York City Democracy, whose corruption and profligacy the Democratic authorities basely declined to defend the rights of the few against the many. The action of the Governor is referred to as yielding only what a popular clamor had made longer silence dangerous.

RAILROADS.

John E. Merriam, of Newton, President of the Iowa, Minnesota & North Pacific Railroad, was in Keokuk, on Tuesday, to let the contract for the construction of his road. The Gate City says that "The route, as at present contemplated, starting at Monroe, on the Valley Road, runs through Newton, Nevada, Webster City, Algona, to Breckinridge, Minn. It will be the great direct route from Keokuk to the North Pacific Road, Thomas A. Scott, of the Pennsylvania Central; W. Kilbourne, and other strong railroad men, back the enterprise."

—The St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette of the 25th says: "A meeting of the Directors of the Chicago, St. Joseph & Santa Fe Railroad took place in this city, yesterday, at the State National Bank. The principal action taken was the election of an engineer, and the ordering of an immediate survey of the route southwest of this city. It is intended that the road shall start on an independent line opposite St. Joseph, and shall cross the Kansas Pacific at Wamego, in Pottawatomie County, or at Manhattan, in Riley County, some ninety miles distant from St. Joseph."

—The Green Bay (Wis.) Advocate of the 27th says: "Some of the officers of the Wisconsin Central Railroad Company (the Doty's Island Road) went northward on Thursday of last week by steamer Dunlap, en route for Bayfield, to locate the northern end of the road. The route of the railroad is from Neenah to Stevens' Point, thence to Bayfield, Ashland County, Wis. There seems to be little doubt now of the building of this road, the company having pledged to complete it by the 1st of July, 1873. Actual work in grading on the northern end will be commenced some time in September next." The same paper, speaking of the extension of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway, says: "Mr. Randall and his surveying party are now exploring a route from Escanaba up the river, through the Menominee iron range to Negaunee. We learn that there is every prospect that the company will speedily put the road through to or near that line. The work of building this road is being prosecuted with such energy that it seems likely that it will be completed by the time now fixed. The line from Fort Howard is now all graded, and bridges, pile-drivers, &c., at work, and [illegible] Indians have gone on to the line in shop-pens."

POWELL EXPEDITION.

Progress Down the River.

Passage of Lodore Canon.

Scenery, Adventures, and Plans for the Future.

Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

CANON OF LODORE, June 15.

On Sunday morning, the 11th inst., Harrell, the herdsman, started on horseback for Green River City, accompanied by Mr. Frank Richardson. Each led a pack-mule loaded with maps, mail-matter, and the scientific papers accumulated up to that time, for transmission to Salt Lake City. We wistfully watched the little party ride across the valley and ascend the hills. Here Frank stopped, turned, and waved a last adieu. We are sorry to part with him, but hope to meet again at our winter's camp.

Boats were soon packed and headed down the stream. Our smooth and winding course took us past meadows, green and level, shaded here and there by groves of cottonwoods, and marked with miniature valleys and ravines through which Red and Vermilion Creeks pour their tributary waters. Leaving Upper Brown's Park, we entered Swallow Canon—so named from myriads of swallows, whose nests of mud and clay cluster in thousands upon the walls. The busy multitude, fluttering and chattering about their airy homes, made a sight so novel, several photographic views were taken. The canon being but two miles long, we soon emerged into the lower park. Next morning the boats were lashed together, "Cannonita" to the right, "Nell" to the left, and "Dean" in the centre. Floating with the current we listened to the reading of the "Lady of the Lake," by the major. The interest of the charming legend was increased by the romantic surroundings. About us Brown's park, thirty miles long by [illegible] broad; an emerald sea, bounded in by lofty, barren peaks, upon whose rugged sides sage and cedars cling; at the foot of the hills a bright border of flowering shrubs; and in shady nooks where moisture lingers, wild flowers of varied tintings, and over the shimmering water, the tufted meadows and desolate mountains—a wide expanse of cloudless blue; and the sunlight flooding all. At noon we went into camp to await the arrival of our mails. The tent was pitched in a little grove at the entrance of the canon, named, suggested by Southey's poem. The entire party was soon driven by mosquitoes to the cliffs above. Here the attack was renewed, however; we built a huge fire and fought like brave men long and well, we piled the ground with insects slain, the conquered, but thousands fell, and we curled up in our blankets disconsolate. The next morning I carried the flag to a high point near, to indicate the position of our camp. All day long the beacon tossed and beckoned, but Mr. Harrel, returning in the evening, brought no mail; letters having been sent to Fort Uintah, all were keenly disappointed. When scientific observations are completed we enter dreaded Lodore. Our chief has warned us of its dangers; listening at the entrance, we can hear afar the noise of its waters—an ominous sound.

ISLAND PARK, July 6th.

Our party is now encamped at the head of Split Mountain Canon. Major Stack in the morning with Captain Bishop and one of the men for a rapid run to Uintah, 40 miles down the river. From thence an Indian runner will be despatched to Salt Lake City, 200 miles from the fort, for our mails.

On a Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, we began the toilsome passage of Lodore. The canon is 15 miles long; we ran it in 8 days after an unexpectedly successful trip. The river bends and twists, and tumbles upon itself in thundering at the rate of 20 feet in an hour, among the rocks that impede its narrow channel. Many portages had to be made. Emptying the boats and carrying contents overland, is extremely laborious; the boats are then lowered by lines. When rocks are not numerous we run the rapids, plying oars vigorously and bailing out the water that comes coursing in. It is marvellous how our little fleet rides in safety the high and plunging waves of mid-channel. The two boats ahead appear for a moment on the crest of a wave and in an instant dash out of sight, apparently engulfed. On the former expedition one of the boats, the "No Name," was wrecked in this canon. We picked up a [illegible] that had floated ashore; found oars, 100 pounds flour, and an iron vise left behind on a portage, and, drifted upon a rock, a copy of the Fugazee [illegible].

In this same canon, on the previous voyage, a fire in camp destroyed clothing and other articles. The spot we found ourselves on, at a point called "Alcove Brook." The river is six feet higher now than then; a very considerable advantage to us.

At the mouth of Lodore, Steward and the writer met with an adventure. We started from camp early one morning for a climb up the cliffs; this accomplished, and our work ended, we were obliged to return to the river for water. After quenching our extreme thirst, and getting within 200 feet of the top on our return, were obliged to go back and seek another route to camp. Descending 3,000 feet of steep rock is neither easy nor safe. We were tired, hungry, and night was coming on. Reaching the river's margin once more, we followed that; tearing through rose thickets; stumbling over fallen rocks, and wading at times. Finally found our way completely cut off by the walls shooting straight up from the river. Being without blankets and the chilly night wind blowing, we tried one more expedient. We pulled up and lanched a cedar; lost our shoes in it; left guns behind, and floated down stream a mile or more, reaching camp about midnight. Fire, food and sleep soon restored us.

The "Fourth" was celebrated in Whirlpool Canon; fired a salute at sunrise; after a capital dinner listened to speeches from Maj. Powell and Prof. Thompson.

After leaving the latter canon the river widens and cuts through numerous small islands, covered with cottonwood and abounding in game; bear, deer, elk, mountain lion, beaver, ducks and geese; we fare sumptuously every day. Weather is warm during the day, thermometer reaching 100 deg. in the shade; nights are cool enough to render blanket comfortable.

After running the Split Mountain Canon, at the head of which we are now encamped, we expect smooth sailing for some time. The run from Uintah to the Dirty-Devil river will take about two months. About the first of December we expect to reach the Kanab, a Mormon settlement at the head of the Grand Canon of the Colorado, and go into winter quarters there.

The entire party are in excellent health and spirits; the hard work is spiced with adventure; the scenery is inspiring and the air exhilarating.

The scientific data accumulated is complete and valuable, and we are obtaining the finest collection of views on the continent.

As my last sheet fills up, I find myself sitting solitary by the camp fire, the silence only broken by the loud snores of the party. As this sort of melody is said to "give accent to music and meaning to dreams," I drop the pencil, roll into a blanket, and will soon join the chorus.

CLEMENT POWELL.

A FRONTIER TRAGEDY.

Thrilling Story from Texas—The Train of a Government Contractor Attacked by Indians—Nine Men Killed—Two Burned at the Stake—Only Three Escape.

From the St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald, July 25.

On Saturday evening there arrived in St. Joseph a young man, who gives his name as William MacMoore, who relates a terrible story of life on the Texas frontier. He says he left Elizabethtown, Ky., in the summer of 1869, and went to Texas. Early in June last he engaged with one J. C. D. Blackburn, a government contractor, to drive a team to Fort Sill. Blackburn's train consisted of fourteen wagons, with fourteen persons as drivers, and started from Smith Paw Valley for the fort. On Sunday evening, June 25, the party had reached a small stream which was skirted with a strip of timber, about thirty miles east of the fort, when they were suddenly attacked by 250 Cheyenne Indians.

Part of the teams had crossed the stream; two (one of them the team driven by Mr. MacMoore) had not yet come up, and one had stuck fast in a gully or ditch. A number of the drivers had dismounted from their wagons, leaving their arms in them, to assist in extricating the latter. No one for a moment dreamed that a foe was near. The Indians had posted themselves in the timber on both sides of the stream, and kept carefully concealed until the party were completely in their power. Then they came dashing out, with horrid yells, and in a moment's time the unfortunate teamsters found themselves completely surrounded. Resistance seemed hopeless, and yet to yield was almost certain death. A few of those who were in the wagons fired a dozen or so shots, but apparently without effect.

The contest was speedily over. Seven of the party were shot dead on the spot; another was badly wounded and then scalped and tomahawked; and six, including MacMoore, taken prisoners.

MacMoore is unable to tell what was done with the train and stock, as immediately after his capture he and his companions were securely bound and removed from the spot. The savages moved in a northwesterly direction, and, after going some distance, camped for the night. The next day after the capture, one of the party, while attempting to escape, was shot and killed.

On the following Friday the savages came to the conclusion to torture two of the teamsters, Jack Jones and Thomas Hayward, and about 5 o'clock in the evening proceeded to carry out their purpose. The unfortunate men were brought out and securely bound hand and foot to a stake. Their tongues were then cut out (it is supposed to prevent them from screaming, while burning) and their ears cut off. A pile of fagots a foot or so high was then placed around the stake, and so arranged as to burn very slowly. The entire band then formed in a circle, and indulged in the luxury of tormenting their victims before the work of torture commenced. The other prisoners were then brought out and forced to witness the horrid spectacle. The fagots around Jones were dry, and burned more rapidly than had been intended, and his sufferings were speedily terminated, the chest and lower part of the body being first consumed. Henderson died in about half an hour, and his agony was terrible. MacMoore says the remembrance of that fearful scene will never be effaced from memory.

Satisfied that they would soon be called upon to share the fearful fate of their companions, the remaining prisoners—MacMoore, Henry Brown and Harvey Jackson—determined to make an effort to escape at all hazards. They were closely guarded, however, and for some days no opportunity presented itself. On the night of the 6th of July, a heavy rain set in, and the Indians, having [illegible] for whiskey, the Indians had indulged pretty freely in "fire water" during the afternoon and evening, and slept very sound. About 11 o'clock MacMoore discovered that the buckskin thongs with which he was tied, dampened by the rain, began to "give" considerably. With a little exertion he succeeded in getting his hands loose, but was unable to untie his feet. Henry Brown also discovered his bonds "giving," and finally succeeded in releasing himself entirely. He then quietly approached a sleeping savage, drew a knife from his belt, cut the bonds of his comrades, and the three quietly hastened away. After travelling some two miles together, the three separated, for safety, and started for Fort Riley. MacMoore reached the latter place on Wednesday, having walked 125 miles in two days and a half. His feet were terribly lacerated, and he had no clothing on except two shirts and a pair of drawers. Brown reached the fort four hours later in the day, and Jackson came in next day. All the parties were greatly exhausted, and probably would have perished had it not been for the assistance of some friendly Pottawatomie Indians, with whom they fell in on Tuesday. Jackson remained at Fort Riley, his feet being so sore that he could not travel. Brown started to Denver. On Wednesday, the 12th of July, MacMoore started on foot for Leavenworth, and walked the entire distance, reaching that place on Saturday last. The same evening he took the cars on the Kansas City, St. Joseph & Council Bluffs Railroad and came to St. Joseph. That night he stopped at the residence of C. H. Buckman, Esq., whose wife is a relative of his. On Sunday he went to the house of Mrs. Bush, on Bush street, who is his relative, where he is now stopping.

Mr. Moore says that nearly one-fourth of the party of Cheyennes was composed of white men, and many of the Indians themselves spoke English. Among them was a man named Stanley, from Western Texas, who said that he had killed thirteen men, and intended to kill five times as many more. The whites dressed like the Indians, were fully as barbarous, and seemed to enjoy the terrible torture of Jones and Hayward with as much zest as the Indians.

The Cheyennes had two white women with them as prisoners—one a Mrs. Bowman, aged about 35 years, from about Guadalupe Mountains, in Texas. He was unable to ascertain the circumstances attending her capture. The other was a good-looking woman, aged about 18, named Miss Emma Bailey. She was also from Texas. These captives were treated tolerably well. The Cheyennes were well mounted and well armed.

DANGLING IN THE AIR.

Appalling Adventure of an Ambitious Aeronaut in Attempting an Eighteenth Aerial Ascent.

From the Nashville (Tenn.) Banner, July 26.

Early Sunday afternoon a large crowd of people began to gather at the Horticultural Garden to witness the balloon ascension announced to be made by T. H. Williams, of Edgefield—or as he is professionally known, Professor Webster, under which title, during the fairs of last year, he made some seventeen serial voyages, all of which, save one at Union City, proved successful. At that place the top of the balloon was burned and its place was supplied by a new piece of unvarnished canvas. When the ascent had been made, and the balloon was sinking towards the earth, he saw that he was about to strike a hickory tree, and to avoid being dragged or hurt he leaped from the basket into the limbs, falling through the branches some five or six feet before he finally succeeded in making a lodgment. This balloon, which is but a mere piece of patchwork, weighing 666 pounds, and measuring 115 feet in height and 125 feet in circumference, was used Sunday afternoon.

By 5 o'clock in the evening the Horticultural Garden was filled by a large assemblage, numbering from a thousand to fifteen hundred, with probably about five hundred outside the enclosure. As preparations to fill the balloon with heated air commenced, the crowd became considerably excited, and awaited the ascension with no little impatience. Meanwhile the mouth of the balloon was put over a kind of chimney to a furnace, and a fire kindled. As the heated air began to inflate the balloon, little streams of smoke issued out of the unvarnished piece of canvas, and jets spurted from divers little holes in the middle portion. Mr. Williams, before entering the basket, a rather weak and dangerous-looking concern, attached to the loop of the balloon by means of small cords about the size of one's little finger, trimmed down the upper portion, the top ring appearing to be somewhat damaged. A false start was made at half-past 5 o'clock amid enthusiastic plaudits of the spectators. The balloon was pulled down, and again subjected to the heated air process of inflation. Shortly after 6 o'clock the huge bag [illegible] from its moorings [illegible] a distance [illegible] of 200 feet. It was driven westward, probably to the distance of 300 yards. [illegible] point it began rapidly to descend toward a smoke-stack of the manufactory, which [illegible] feet in height. As the spectators, [illegible] across the commons and [illegible] [illegible]

No sooner had Mr. Williams reached the open air than the excited crowd pushed forward upon him, hustling him out, asking him a thousand questions and otherwise making it very disagreeable for a man who had just made so narrow an escape from death. One over-curious spectator happened to tread upon the aeronaut's corns, and got knocked down therefore, with the consolatory remark, "I'll show you that I ain't dead yet."

Once free of the crowd, Mr. Williams returned to the garden, washed himself, and felt equal to half a dozen more trips through space. Before the soot was removed, he certainly presented a most extraordinary spectacle—black as midnight from head to foot; eyes, ears, hair, nose, mouth, and tights caked with soot; not a white spot as big as a nickle to relieve his blackness. But he did not receive a scratch during the whole perilous episode.

His danger of suffocation arose from the thoughtlessness of the crowd who crowded around the entrance and prevented the passage of air up the chimney.

We understand that the Hercules will be used no more, but that another voyage in a new balloon will be taken soon by Mr. Williams. He deserves a liberal share of the proceeds of the day in thus risking his life upon such a hazardous undertaking.

The view from the north terrace of the Capitol was very fine. About a hundred spectators had collected there, including quite a number of ladies and little children. After patiently watching the cluster of trees which marked the location of the Horticultural Gardens in the plain below for about two hours with telescopes and field-glasses, the Hercules was seen to swell up above the green tree tops like a great white blister, swaying about by the current of wind while being inflated. After showing itself above the trees and then subsiding out of sight alternately, it rose high enough to reveal the full outlines of the heated air-ship quite distinctly, but was immediately drawn down again, to the disappointment of the spectators, many of whom indulged suggestions indicative of their skepticism about the departure, and pronouncing it in advance another failure. It was now 6 o'clock, and the sun was gradually sinking behind the Harpeth hills, when the balloon was at last observed to rise slowly above the trees, and attached to it a rope apparently ten feet in length, which held the basket containing the aeronaut, which seemed a mere thread, while the man and basket seemed dangling at the end looked no bigger than a house spider suspended by its own delicate web. The balloon rose 300 or 400 feet, sailing rapidly westward under the influence of a pretty stiff easterly breeze, and in a few seconds appeared directly above the roof of the Tennessee Cotton Factory building. At this point it seemed to be descending, and, while it was evident that the balloon itself would clear the building, the possibility that the aeronaut might not be so successful—being much nearer the roof—occasioned a general sympathetic outcry from the spectators. Just then the ropes caught on the lightning-rod of the great smoke-stack. The balloon fell over on the west side, bottom upward, and the man and the basket were left dangling on the east side, near the summit. For some moments it was hard to tell at this distance whether he had fallen out of the basket or not.

Field glasses were immediately called into requisition, and the adventurous aeronaut was seen climbing the rope from the basket to the cap of the chimney. The excitement among the spectators was intense; the movements of the climber were watched with breathless solicitude; and when he reached the top and was seen to have secured a lodgment on the rim, there were general expressions of relief. The great crowd from the Horticultural Garden was seen swarming like ants across the plain toward the factory building.

—While the balloon were departing at Rockaway, a few days ago, a gentleman [illegible] [illegible] killed him, and the corpse weighed 40 pounds.

THE NEW YORK COURT HOUSE.

Exhibition of Democratic Economy.

Mr. Charles Nordhoff, late Managing Editor of the New York Post, has been making a personal exploration of the Court House of that city, on which the Tammany Democracy have spent five or six millions for carpets, fixtures, furniture, plastering, &c., and sends his impressions to the New York Times, as follows:

A VISIT TO THE NEW YORK COURT HOUSE.

To the Editor of the New York Times:

Having some idle time on my hands, I took the liberty, this morning, to visit the new Court House, which you have lately made famous.

New-Yorkers are such busy people, that I suppose not a great many, except politicians and the lawyers who practice in the City Courts, have seen the inside of this costly piece of their property; and I can tell them that a shabbier place they could not well find, unless they should visit the old City Hall, which seems to me dirtier, and more dilapidated than even the new Court-House.

The new Court-House has, according to my own counting, 65 good-sized windows and twelve small ones. According to the accounts you have printed, Mayor Hall and Controller Connolly have paid for curtains, shades and cornices, for these 135 windows, $108,091.50. The twelve small windows have neither curtain, shade, nor cornice. They may, therefore, be left out of the account; and it thus appears that the citizens, taxpayers, of New York, have paid nearly $800 for each window of the new Court-House, to furnish it with curtains, shades and cornices.

This, to use Mayor Hall's pretty phrase, is a large sum, and possibly extravagant. But the bigness of the sum did not surprise me nearly so much as this fact, that, so far as I could ascertain—and my examination included almost every room in the building—there is not a single curtain on any of the 135 windows.

The windows of the new Court House have shades, common linen shades, working on rollers; shades which, with all their fixtures complete, could hardly have cost more than $5 each; but suppose they cost $10 each, that would make $1,350; whereas the accounts you have published pretend that they cost over $108,000.

When I had studied the curtainless windows sufficiently, I turned, naturally, to the walls. In Mr. Andrew J. Garvey's little account, which you printed on Monday, there are dozens of entries of "repairs." About these I can tell you nothing, except that he seems to have done his repairing in such a manner as to necessitate more; for the walls are in a disgraceful condition. They are not only dirty, but in the lower halls and elsewhere pieces of the plastering have fallen off, leaving ugly blotches, which give the famous new Court House the appearance of a dilapidated and neglected ruin.

But from Mr. Garvey's account, as you printed it, I took down eight items, which were distinctly for "plastering," supposed to have been done in the new Court House. These eight items, which were you say, audited and paid to Mr. Garvey by Mayor Hall and Controller Connolly, amounted to the sum of $[illegible]. Now, you can imagine, perhaps, my amazement, when I discovered that there is really, considering the style of the building, very little plastering in the new Court house. The interior consists largely of iron. I think I could find you a good many plasterers in town, who would gladly do all the plastering in the new Court house for $30,000. But the taxpayers of New York were obliged, by Mayor Hall and Controller Connolly, to pay for this work more than $[illegible],000, to say nothing of hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of "repairs."

Moreover, as I have told you, the plastering is of the commonest description. The walls are a disgrace to the city. The work has been so poorly done that, if it is to be taken as a specimen of Mr. Garvey's workmanship, I would not hire him to plaster a hen-house for me.

When I had done with the plastering, I began to look at the furniture of the rooms. Here I naturally thought I should see something. Many insurance offices and banks are now-a-days furnished with great magnificence, and I have read that Mr. Tweed's stable is a marvel of fine woods and costly furniture.

Well, I assure you the new Court House is very plainly furnished. The wood-work is of black-walnut, plain, but it is all common in style, a little shabby. If it had been of rosewood, or some high-colored wood, the rooms would have been less gloomy. It is not easy for any one to guess at the actual value of this furniture, but it consists largely of common black-walnut chairs, and $25,000 would be an extravagant estimate of the real value of all the furniture in the new Court House.

But you say that $1,575,000 were paid to one firm by Mayor Hall and Controller Connolly. I should say they had paid at least $1,500,000 too much.

To look through this new Court House, a stranger to your recent revelations would believe that the County authorities were the most economical, or, indeed, the most miserly of men. Everything in the building is common, and ought to be cheap. It has been "scrimped," to use a builder's phrase, in every detail.

The City Hall Park and its buildings are by no means calculated to give a favorable impression of the new Court House. I must refer to the bills for the repairs of the old City Hall, and to some of its surroundings; but I advise every citizen whose taxes have been raised to meet the furniture, curtain, and plastering bills of the new Court House to go and look at it with his own eyes.

Yours truly, CHARLES NORDHOFF.

THE JEFF. DAVIS SCANDAL.

Jeff. Davis Gossip at Saratoga.

Saratoga (July 24) Correspondence of the New York [illegible].

But very little was known here of the Jeff. Davis scandal in the Memphis sleeping-car, since the arrival of several distinguished Tennesseeans, the scandal has been much talked about. I heard the story from the lips of a well-known citizen of Memphis, who gives absolute credence to it. He related all the circumstances connected with the scandalous affair yesterday, in the presence of Fernando Wood and several other warm friends of the "lost cause." Indeed, the gentleman who vouches for the story has been a devoted follower and friend of the man whose discredit he unfolds. The story, as related, implicates Jeff. Davis and a lady of high standing in society in Memphis, in violating one of the commandments. In a word, the conductor of the train found him in the car-berth with the aforesaid lady, at a late hour of the night. The lady had tickets for Nashville, via Decatur, and Mr. Davis for Baltimore. The lady went out of her way over 100 miles, so pleased was she with Jeff. Davis' society, and got off at Chattanooga, where she and the "lost cause" parted company. There is no doubt that the story is true, and the Southern people here, not a word to say, as they feel Jeff. Davis has brought disgrace upon them.

"Well, what will be the result of all this?" I asked my Memphis informant.

"Why, Mr. —— is a blooded fellow and he will have to shoot Davis. He can't live in Memphis or Nashville if he don't."

So following close upon this scene will be a drama of blood. Another Othello and Desdemona—Mrs. Fair and Crittenden.

General Buckner, who did the Republic some service at Fort Donelson; Colonel Hunt, late Chief Ordnance Officer of the Southern Confederacy; Judge Phelan, Jeff.'s bosom friend, and attorney for the "Carolina Life Insurance Company," of which Jeff. himself is President, are here, but have but little to say about the affair.

Major Wicks, the President of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, and Vice President of Davis' Insurance Company, is cast down at the misfortune of his personal friend, whose case, with the lady, is now being canvassed before the Memphis Episcopal Church.

"Why don't you deny it, point blank?" asked Colonel Leatherman, late candidate for Governor of Tennessee, of Judge Phelan.

"Because I can't."

"Why?"

"Because it's true!"

"Great God!" exclaimed Colonel Leatherman.

Albert Pike, the Arkansas poet, furnishes the following distich on the subject this morning:

"We are Bone of one Bone,
In close union on earth,
And to sessions will ne'er be divided.
Our union but escape, to awake in a berth,
Where the rights of the 'lost' are decided."

The Story of the New York Herald's Correspondent.

The following is the story of the correspondent of the New York Herald, who, Mr. Davis' friends allege, manufactured the sleeping-car scandal in revenge for the treatment here narrated. The letter is dated Memphis, July 18:

"Good morning, sir," said Mr. Davis, as he heard my name, and pointed to a chair. "Where have you been?"

"North Carolina and Georgia."

"Do you know anything of a despatch that was sent to the Herald from Chattanooga about me?"

"Yes; I sent it myself."

"And who gave you authority to speak for me, or to say what I think?"

"Well, sir, I suppose the letter ——"

"Ah! where did you see that letter?"

"In Atlanta," said I, wondering more and more what was meant by this strange catechising. I did not dream that Mr. Davis could take the despatch I had sent as a deadly injury, and so far his manner was quiet and gentlemanly.

"In Atlanta. And who showed you that letter?"

The nigger now suddenly became plainly visible in the fence. I saw Mr. Davis was mad, and was temporizing to find out how his letter had got abroad. Whatever may be his other faults, he has at least this virtue, that he would make a very bad lawyer. He can't hide his real feelings long enough to successfully cross-examine a witness five minutes. Of course, I was now fully warned, and made up my mind not to divulge the wished-for information. To have done so would have been no breach of confidence; but I did not choose to be wheedled or bullied out of it, so I answered quickly,

"That I must decline to tell you."

"Well, sir," proceeded Mr. Davis, "that despatch was false; I don't believe you ever saw that letter."

"But, Mr. Davis ——"

"Excuse me one moment." And here Mr. Davis quickly passed out into his outer office, and, as I believe, armed himself with a pistol, and asked his clerks to keep a good sharp lookout for whatever might occur. It was an altogether unnecessary precaution, if this supposition be true. I have been South twice, have made long visits each time, have been in all sorts of rough places, and never carried a pistol, and never had the slightest occasion to use one on any previous occasion. I do not pretend to be a fighting man, and unless pushed to the wall and actually attacked never should fire upon a fellow being. Even then I would rather be taken for a coward and save my life by flight, than live with my hands blackened with the stain of blood shed in a private quarrel. These are strange and ignoble sentiments, no doubt, in the eyes of a Southern cavalier like Mr. Davis, who, we can all easily believe, has not suffered any squeamish scruples about the sanctity of human life. He must have learned though that thousands of men who hold similarly unworthy opinions, can march into a battlefield at the bidding of Fatherland and bear themselves like men who are afraid to die only in a bad cause.

Mr. Davis came back into the room, and at once took up the conversation in a much bolder tone. I need not detail it at length, though it was very short. It was much the same in substance as that already given; but it was all one-sided. At first I endeavored to reason with the irate President, but he would listen to nothing, and cut off my sentences so remorselessly and arbitrarily as he would have done my head if he had still been the chosen head of 8,000,000 of people and I had been at his mercy. There was only one special point in it that need be noticed. I confessed, of course, that I had not weighed every sentence in his letter, though I was too polite to admit that, even if I had, its literary style is too obscure to be readily understood. I told him that I had only read the second page.

"But you said just now that some one had read it to you. You see you don't tell the same story."

"How can it be," pursued the ex-President, and, like jesting Pilate, when he asked, "What is truth?" would not stay for an answer. Of course my readers will see from the explanation I have previously given, and most of them would be sharp enough to see without any explanation, that it is possible for a man to read a letter, the part or whole of which has also been read to him.

Mr. Davis now worked himself into a perfect frenzy of passion. His eyes glittered with rage, and one might suppose him some malignant serpent, whose fang of death had been taken away from him, but who still retained even in his present impotence, the evil passions that marked his former power for ill. He talked along for a minute or so, and finally wound up by roaring out in stentorian tones,

"You are a liar and a puppy, sir."

I arose and at once said, "After that, Mr. Davis, I had better go."

"Yes, sir; clar, clar," was the response, Mr. Davis in his wrath relapsing into the negro pronunciation of his section.

And I "clarred." But I shall never forget the closing scene before my exit. There was the man before me whom the "Markis of Big Boosey" once scintillated for the Southern crown, trembling with rage, his fists clenched, his features distorted with hate, and longing, as I believe, for some movement or gesture on my part that might excuse him, or one of his myrmidons, who were looking on from the front office, in the eyes of a Southern jury for taking my life. This is what I call an adventure. Nowhere else in the South, however, was I ever for a moment treated with discourtesy, much less insult, and I do not now wish to hold up Mr. Davis as a representative Southern gentleman. I do not think either that this unlucky despatch was the real ground of Mr. Davis' maniacal fury. I believe it was rather the remembrance of a certain other article in the Herald that greeted his Atlanta speech.

Some of Mr. Davis' old friends will find it difficult, no doubt, to believe that I was not in the wrong on some point that I have not explained. They remember him only as he was in the old days, when he was still a polished, courteous, though perhaps not very genial, Southern gentleman. They forget that he has been soured by misfortune and embittered by that most poignant form of despair—disappointed ambition. Especially is this the case just now. It is no scandal to repeat what you will hear all over the South—that Davis, perhaps unconsciously, and without intending it, put none the less sadly, was bitterly jealous of the noble popularity of Lee with the Southern people. Davis would deny it no sacrifice to secure that same pure, loving devotion that Southern hearts cheerfully gave towards the chief of Arlington, to say nothing of the respect that his brilliant, gallantry and personal purity earned him at the North. While Lee lived Davis knew that he himself had no second in the affections of his people. Now that Lee is dead, however, the fallen President hopes to fill his place. The speech at Atlanta, so I have been told, was inspired by that ambition. But he is doomed to disappointment, as every one who knows the South is fully aware. Love is only won by love, and Mr. Davis was too arbitrary in his use of power and too selfishly personal, even in his devotion to the South, to ever gain any warmer feeling than respect, mingled, perhaps, with sympathy and gratitude.

I am by no means the only victim of Mr. Davis's injustice. If I chose to hunt them up I think I could fill a score of columns with true anecdotes of the personal wrongs which Mr. Davis' infirmity of temper has led him to commit. Only one will suffice. Mr. Davis boarded, some months ago, at the Peabody House, in Memphis. It is a rule of that house that no meals shall be served after certain hours. Mr. Davis came in late one day—either to breakfast or dinner, I can't say which—and rapped at the door of the transparent glass which forms the entrance to the dining-room. Just inside, through the glass, he could see the form of a negro waiter.

"Let me in," said he in a tone worthy of a deposed Emperor.

"Can't do it, sir," retorted the darkey.

After ten o'clock, Mr. Can't serve anything here after such a time."

"Let me in," again cried Mr. Davis, in louder tones.

Again came a repetition of the first response.

What! Should the once nearly King of eleven States be thus held at bay by an infernal Fifteenth Amendment? Perish the thought so base!

Bang! smash! jingl went the glass panel as Mr. Davis' fist forced its resistless way through, and the glittering fragments showered on the floor.

And where did Mr. Davis' fist ultimately go? My informant told me into the pursy stomach of the ovorfed Ethiopian. I hope, however, that this is an exaggeration. Mr. Davis would never sink so low and run so imminent a risk of hitting below the belt and violating the rules of the P. R.

"Anyway, that nigger howled, you bet," added the gentleman who first told me this story, which I afterward heard corroborated by other and authentic witnesses.

And, after all, Mr. Davis came off second best. For it is quite a dangerous thing, as any one can demonstrate by personal experiment, to dash your hand through a pane of glass. Mr. Davis' paw was gashed badly in several places; he was led, bleeding from, perhaps, the only field of strife his gore ever stained, and was seen for some time afterward walking the streets of Memphis with his arm in a sling.

Here is another example of the dignity and quiet gentlemanly forbearance and gentleness which Mr. Davis displays under misfortune. But fancy that such an autocrat should have ever been the head of the Confederacy, the elected ruler of the Southern people.

I am not misled by prejudice when I add that Mr. Davis is very unpopular with the majority of the people of Memphis. Not that he has done anything to them especially, but they comprise a great many old soldiers, and among old rebel soldiers he is nowhere popular. Indeed, I am told that his social circle is very restricted, and is, even at that, largely feminine in its character. What an outrage it is to charge women with being fickle and untrue in their abstract attachments! The men in the South are hardly willing to accept the situation, but I don't think you will find a new departure lady democrat in the whole length and breadth of the land. Any way, Mr. Davis is cheered in his sorrowful old age by the charming adulation of a choice coterie of Memphis beauties.

"How are you, Mr. President?" sigh they, with respectful look and subdued voice. "For you are our President, you know."

That is a touching and interesting conversation, which, I am told upon reliable authority, transpires almost every day in Memphis. I guess, though, the day I called on him, Jeff must have somehow been deprived of his customary sugar plum of this character. That may be what made him so savage.

The Charge Exploded.

From the New York Herald, July 27.

The correspondent of the Herald referred to in the above good-natured article in the Memphis Appeal denies absolutely the charge thus recklessly brought against him of having originated what is known as the "sleeping-car scandal." The charge is without the slightest vestige of foundation, and, since it has been made by the editor of the Appeal without taking the slightest pains to verify it, it is also wickedly malicious.

The editor of the Appeal is imperfectly informed, even as to the facts of this memorable interview and of the despatch that made it so stormy. The "touch of Mr. Davis' boot" is a flower of rhetoric which could only have budded and blossomed in a very carelessly cultivated fancy. A full, true, and particular account of this interview and of all the circumstances leading up to it was published in yesterday's Herald. It is only necessary here to add that the correspondent of the Herald violated no confidence in publishing the contents of the letter which the Appeal declares was marked "private and confidential." An extract from the letter in question was read to the Herald correspondent, the reader well knowing the profession and object of the correspondent; no injunction of secrecy was enacted of the correspondent, and therefore no violation of confidence could have been committed.

As to the sleeping-car scandal, the correspondent alluded to, so far from having penned the account in the Louisville Commercial, never saw or heard anything like a detailed account of it until he reached New York. At the time of its publication he was in Arkansas. Coming up the Mississippi River to Cairo, he heard whispers of the scandal, and a few days after he saw Mr. Davis' emphatic denial of it. The said correspondent has never written a line for the Louisville Commercial or any other newspaper except the New York Herald during the last four months. Neither directly nor indirectly did he have any connection whatever with this serio-comic complication. To corroborate all which—if corroboration be necessary—an extract from the Commercial itself is appended below:

The Real Author of the Scandal.

From the Louisville Commercial, July 25.

The article which appeared in our Saturday's issue upon this subject went to press before the telegraphic despatch giving Mr. Davis' card of denial, which appeared in the same issue, was brought to our attention. As Mr. Davis passed through Knoxville on the 19th inst., on his way to Memphis, he has taken the earliest opportunity to make the denial which he found, on his arrival there, was "deemed necessary." As he has met the question like the gallant gentleman which we have never doubted him to be, and has given the story, as promptly as he could, a denial in the most emphatic and judicious language, we hope the scandal will be consigned henceforth to that limbo reserved for such stories upon men who are called on to bear the burden of unenviable conspicuity. No feeling which we have toward Mr. Jefferson Davis is tinged with any degree of malice, and it was no disposition to do him injustice which led us to publish an item of current news about him, which came to us apparently well authenticated. If the story is founded in malice, as he asserts, we have no part either in the invention or the spirit which prompted it. It is a pity that some of Mr. Davis' friends and defenders are so much less judicious than he is himself. He may well ask to be delivered from such friends, for instance, as the Memphis Appeal. Such a defense as it makes will only serve to weaken the force of his denial. We have no disposition to go into any argument about it as the case stands, but it is proper to state that we have no correspondent at Memphis, as the Appeal asserts. We do not know any correspondent of the New York Herald. We never derived any information directly or indirectly, from anybody connected with the New York Herald. The article which first appeared in the local columns of this paper, was written in our office by our regular city editor. The information embodied in it was derived from a gentleman just from Memphis, and the article stated the source from which he obtained it. There was no need for the Appeal to have set up the man of straw, its supposititious Herald correspondent, in order to knock him down so deftly, and, by doing so, it has only injured the man it pretends to defend. It has told many people say, notwithstanding the denial, that it is a very queer story.

AWFUL CATASTROPHE.

The "False Work" at the Au Vase Bridge Gives Way—Three Men Killed and Six Wounded.

From the Fulton (Callaway County, Mo.) [illegible], July 26.

The bridge on the L. & M. Railroad over the Au Vase, eight miles north of Fulton, is one of the highest structures of the kind in the West. On last Saturday the bridge was so nearly completed that a span of woodwork had been raised to its place, and the iron braces necessary to make it self-sustaining had been all placed through the timbers, so that little remained to be done except screw the nuts on the rods, and so brace up the whole structure, when the dinner hour arrived, and the hands who were at work on it went to dinner.

As soon as the men came back from dinner they mounted the bridge and began work. Within a very short time the whole of the "false work" on which the highest span of the true bridge is built began to give way, and in a moment the whole mass of timbers, composing both the bridge and the false work, plunged down more than a hundred feet. The timbers were shivered as if by thunderbolts, iron rods and bars that would have held the heaviest freight trains in perfect security if they had been screwed up properly, were bent, and doubled up, and twisted by the terrible fall as if they had been straws.

Nine men were on the span when this fearful fall occurred. One of them was killed instantly, being fastened and borne down into the earth by solid timbers, which had to be cut away before he could be removed. All the others were injured. The casualties are as follows:

A. McGillis, killed.

George Brewington, leg broken and injured internally.

Lee Ralston, severely bruised.

Charles Gray, internally injured—since deceased.

Wm. Spurlen, severely bruised.

William Morgan, foot mashed.

David Hatfield, foot mashed and badly bruised.

William Potter, back injured.

William Brothers, severely injured internally.

When the work began to go way, one of the men "leaped for life," a distance of fifty feet, and caught with his hands on the top of the timbers of an upper span as they fell. He hung for an instant to the timbers with a yawning gulf of at least one hundred feet below him, then he lost his hold, and fell alongside of the stone pile, down, down, down to the bottom, alighting on his feet [illegible] [illegible] severely injured by the fearful mass. James Jones, with both legs broken, crushed and mangled, and weighted down by the broken timbers over him, showed a heroic spirit, by directing those who came to their assistance to attend to the others first, that they might need attention more than he did.

We understand that the wounded men exculpate those who had charge of the work from all blame for their misfortune. The fact appeared to be that the "false work" was known to be insecure; but the men, knowing that if the bridge was not finished without attempting to repair the "false work," the whole of it would have to be taken down, made up their minds to risk it. The result was such as we have stated.

LATER.—Of the wounded above named, Charles Gray died on Sunday night. George Brewington is rapidly sinking at this date (Monday morning), and will doubtless die to-day.

RAILROAD DISASTER.

The Collision on the Toledo, Wabash & Western Railroad—Death of Six Men.

From the St. Louis [illegible].

An inquest was held yesterday at the scene of the recent accident on the Toledo, Wabash & Western Railroad, two miles west of Edwardsville, Ill., on the bodies of the victims of the collision. Police Justice George C. Lush and Coroner T. J. Irish empanelled a jury, and received the evidence of witnesses.

From their testimony it appears that on Tuesday, at 2:30 p. m., a west-bound freight train of thirty-one cars, under the charge of Conductor Frank Gibbs and Engineer Babcock, arrived at Edwardsville, and at 5 o'clock they received orders to remain there till 6 o'clock, or until the arrival of a construction train from Litchfield, instead of stopping this order the [illegible] Edwardsville, with the train at a pretty good rate of speed on a down grade. At 5:40, when about two and a half miles from Edwardsville, and while going around a curve, they met the construction train approaching them, and also travelling at a rapid rate. The road at this point is along an embankment about forty feet in height, and is bordered on each side by a thick wood. Owing to the curve in the road, the engineers did not see each other till their trains had almost collided. They at once sounded the alarm whistle and jumped to the ground. The firemen of both trains then followed the example, and saved their lives. The men on the construction train were thrown from their cars, and rolled down the abrupt side of the embankment to the bottom. The construction train, consisting of five flat cars and a caboose car, was pretty badly smashed. Those who had escaped from the collision rushed to the caboose car to see what had become of the laborers who were in it. They found four of them dead and six injured, two of them fatally. The names of the killed are: David Berry, John Yeoman, Jo. [illegible] Considine, and Wesley Falcon. The names of those who were injured, and who since died, were John Vaughan and John Elley. They were both Irishmen and leave helpless families. The second conductor of the freight train have disappeared.

When the news of the disaster reached Edwardsville, the wildest excitement prevailed amongst the laboring people there, and threats of lynching Gibbs and Babcock were freely expressed.

The Coroner's jury, it is reported, returned a verdict criminating Gibbs and Babcock, and absolving all others from blame for this fearful occurrence.

On being notified of the disaster, Mr. R. F. Clark, Superintendent of the road at St. Louis, immediately proceeded to the scene of the accident, taking with him surgeons and physicians to look after the wounded men.

The track has been cleared of the debris, and no irregularity in the running of the trains has been caused by the accident. The loss of property will be about $10,000.

CROPS.

—The Monroe (Wis.) Sentinel says: "The grain and grass crops are being secured in good condition, and there is much more wheat than was anticipated by many. Rye, oats, and winter wheat are in good yield."

—The Carrollton (Ill.) Gazette says: "The wheat crop now secured in Greene County is very good and no ordinary misfortune can [illegible] the fruit crop is good."

—The Oconomowoc Times says: "The harvest has commenced very generally in this vicinity, and reports of crops are quite favorable. Wheat is [illegible] but not to any material extent. In most cases the berry is plump and the yield more than average. Rye was mostly cut during the past week and very satisfactory results. Oats promise an abundant harvest and there is hope we may have a full share of potatoes. Corn never looked better, and the prospect for coarse grains is highly encouraging."

—The Sparta (Wis.) Herald says: "The farmers are in the midst of wheat harvest, which, on the whole, promises an excellent crop. Winter wheat, especially, is a good yield, both in quantity and quality. Corn is splendid in appearance, and, being in a quite advanced state for the season, a first-rate crop is certain. Oats have promised a heavy yield. The crop of potatoes will be fair, notwithstanding the bugs, whose depredations have been mostly paid to the early planted varieties."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE CELEBRATED

MURRAY

&

LANMAN'S

FLORIDA WATER.

The most lasting, agreeable, and refreshing of all perfumes, for use on the Handkerchief, at the Toilet, and in the Bath. For sale by all Druggists and Perfumers.

Cristadoro's Fluid Hair Dye

[illegible]

Batchelor's Hair Dye.

[illegible]

$28—Royal Havana Lottery, of Cuba.

[illegible]

EDUCATIONAL.

Williams College,

Williamstown, Mass.

[illegible]

MONETARY AND COMMERCIAL.

MONETARY.

FRIDAY EVENING, July 28.

The exhibition of the ability of the American Government to pay taxes to the amount of over $100,000,000 per annum in excess of all the legitimate expenses of carrying on the government, is, doubtless, regarded by many as having a tendency to advance the price of our 6 per cent bonds, but it is evident that, [illegible] the government at option of redemption on the 5-20s, this exhibition of ability to pay, only keeps the price of the bonds down. It shows to the holders of the 5-20s, the possibility that the government may avail itself of the option thus reserved, and that in case it should do so, the premium paid on the bonds would be lost, when the bonds were redeemed at par. It cannot be expected, therefore, that the 5-20s will ever get much above par in gold, and as a 5 per cent bond [illegible] cannot be reasonably expected to bear the [illegible] premium [illegible] of all. The only benefit [illegible] is the saving of some interest, and this has been fully balanced by the excessive taxation which has collected $200,000,000 from the people in two years to save $16,000,000 of interest per annum for the future. It is the same as a merchant paying his notes before they are due, in order to save the interest, when in fact, by using the money in his business he could make more than the interest.

The rumor that a clique is being formed in New York to "bull" the price of gold may, or may not, have any foundation in fact, but the great drain of specie that has been experienced during the last six months, shows that it is entirely within the range of possibility that gold premium may be considerably advanced before fall. During the decline of gold from an average of 120, during the year 1869, to 110½ in March, 1870, many were ready to believe that we were approaching specie resumption by what they called a "natural process." But now it is well understood that the decline which was experienced in about six months, then, was only the temporary effect of the export of a large cotton crop which was taken by Europe at unusually high prices. As soon as the influence of heavy exports of cotton had ceased, the price of gold ceased to decline, and has been higher ever since. A short crop of cotton or breadstuffs in the United States in any year now, while there is a fine crop in the other parts of the world, would in all probability put the price of gold up to where it was two years ago.

In local business and finances there was very little activity to-day, and but few features worthy of notice. Moderate orders continue to come from the country for currency to move the new wheat crop, and the large stock of old corn still on hand. The receipts of all grains continue to increase, and prices are steadily settling down, causing the failure to-day of one of the operators for a rise in the price of wheat for July delivery.

Exchange was lower to-day, owing to some increase in the shipments of grain Eastward. Sales were made between banks at 50 cents per $1,000 discount. At the counter, bankers sell at par, and buy at 1-10 discount.

Money continues abundant.

The probability that in a couple of years, at furthest, some one of the projected short line routes from New York through Canada to Chicago will be built, so as to become a more formidable competitor than any one which the Lake Shore Road now has, is stirring up this company to build a double track from Buffalo to Chicago, and so be prepared for the competition expected then. Hence the necessity of the Lake Shore to issue $15,000,000 more stock, and the meeting at Cleveland, yesterday, was to consider this question. The fact that the stockholders authorized the issue of the $15,000,000 new stock—thus bringing the share capital up to $50,000,000—shows that the double track is to be built. In what manner the stock is to be distributed is not known yet. It is rumored that it may be in the form of a scrip dividend, by giving the stockholders 25 per cent, or some from 25 to 50 [illegible] a stock [illegible] by the Executive Committee of the Board of Directors, and when this new stock is issued the road and its equipment to be capitalized at $75,000,000. This, however, is only rumor, and may have been started only to aid some Wall street speculation.

The projected new line promoted by the Baltimore Company, from Pittsburgh to Chicago, is speedily to be undertaken. The share capital for the construction is provided in the proportion of $2,000,000 by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company to $3,000,000 through local subscriptions along the route. Further funds for the completion of the road will be raised through mortgage bonds. This new line will be a powerful rival for Chicago business with the three existing through lines—the one from Pittsburgh to Pennsylvania Company from Pittsburgh to Chicago, the one via Fort Wayne, 468 miles, and the other via Columbus, 607 miles.

Direct representatives of a number of Western railroads, viz: the Atchison branch of the Union Pacific, the Chicago & Southwestern, and the "Joy Roads," held a meeting in Boston, on the 26th, and entered into an agreement to join in building a railroad bridge across the Missouri at Atchison. [illegible] The Atchison branch of the Union Pacific is also to be extended to Washington, Kansas, and the one from the Chicago & Southwestern is to be built from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Atchison. The completion of these projects will give Chicago a direct railroad connection with the central part of Northern Kansas by next summer.

It is now rumored that the project of building the California Pacific Eastern extension, as an opposition route to the Central Pacific, has been abandoned, and that the two corporations will be consolidated and enter into a combination with the Pennsylvania Company, which will give the latter control of a route all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

A table of statistics of the tobacco crop has been recently published, which shows that in Connecticut the tobacco crop yields per acre 1,600 pounds [illegible] [illegible]

The following were telegraphic quotations to-day:

[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

New York, July 28—Gold dull, [illegible]

[illegible]

Eastern Live Stock Markets.

NEW YORK.

[illegible]

AWFUL CATASTROPHE.

The "False Work" at the Au Vase Bridge Gives Way—Three Men Killed and Six Wounded.

From the Fulton (Callaway County, Mo.) Fair Play, July 22.

The bridge on the L. & M. Railroad over the Au Vase, eight miles north of Fulton, is one of the highest structures of the kind in the West. On last Saturday the bridge was so nearly completed that a span of wood-work had been raised to its place, and the iron braces necessary to make it self-sustaining had been adjusted through the timbers, so that little remained to be done except to screw the nuts on the rods, and so brace up the whole structure, when the dinner hour arrived, and the hands who were at work went to dinner.

As soon as the men came back from dinner they mounted the bridge and began work. Within a very short time the whole of the "false work" on which the highest span of the true bridge is built began to give way, and in a moment the whole forest of timbers, composing both the bridge and the false work, plunged downward more than a hundred feet. The timbers were shivered as if by thunder-bolts, iron rods and bars that would have held the heaviest freight-trains in perfect security if they had been screwed up properly, were bent, and doubled up, and twisted by the terrific fall as if they had been straws.

Nine men were on the span when this fearful fall occurred. ... All the others were injured. The casualties are as follows:

A. McGillis, killed.
George Brewington, leg broken and injured internally.
Lee Ralston, severely bruised.
Charles Gray, internally injured—it is feared mortally.
Wm. Spurier, severely bruised.
William Morgan, foot mashed.
David Haldell, foot mashed and badly bruised.
William Potter, back injured.
William Brothers, severely injured internally.

...

LATER.—Of the wounded above mentioned, Charles Gray died on Sunday night. George Brewington is rapidly sinking at this date (Monday morning), and will doubtless die to-day.

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The Collision on the Toledo, Wabash & Western Railroad—Death of Six Men.

From the St. Louis Republican.

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...

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—The Carrollton (Ill.) *Gazette* says: "The wheat crop now secured in Greene County is very good and an ordinary mischance can befall it. The fruit crop is good."

The Charge Exploded.

From the New York Herald, July 27.

...

The Real Author of the Scandal.

From the Louisville Commercial, July 25.

...

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE CELEBRATED MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.

The most lasting, agreeable, and refreshing of all perfumes, for use on the Handkerchief, at the Toilet, and in the Bath. For sale by all Druggists and Perfumers.

Cristadoro's Fluid Hair Dye

Batchelor's Hair Dye.

$28—Royal Havana Lottery, of Cuba.

EDUCATIONAL.

Williams College,
Williamstown, Mass.

MONETARY AND COMMERCIAL.

MONETARY.

FRIDAY EVENING, July 28.

...

COMMERCIAL.

FRIDAY EVENING, July 28.

The following table shows the receipts and shipments of produce at this point during the past twenty-four hours:

...

LATER.

No. 2 spring wheat at the Afternoon Board was in active demand, with closing sales at $1.09¾ seller July, and $1.00¼ seller August. No. 2 corn closed steady at 46c seller July, and 46¾c seller August. ...

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK MARKET.

FRIDAY EVENING, July 28.

...

CHICAGO LUMBER MARKET.

FRIDAY EVENING, July 28.

...

CHICAGO DAILY MARKET.

FRIDAY EVENING, July 28.

...

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

Foreign Markets.

...

New York Dry Goods Market.

...

The Produce Markets.

BUFFALO.

...

NEW YORK.

...

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

Port of Chicago.

ARRIVED .... July 28.

...

Vessels Passed Detroit.

...

Illinois and Michigan Canal.

...

Vessels Passed Welland Canal.

...

Lake Freights.

...

Collision.

At 7 p. m. the schr Mary Collins collided with the prop Thomas Scott, by running her jib-boom through the cabin of the propeller. Both damaged slightly.

Miscellaneous Items.

...

A Crazy Theorist in Trouble—Curious Letters.

John Hampden, who some months since laid a wager of £500 against Mr. Alfred Wallace, President of the Entomological Society, in England, that the earth was not round, but flat, was brought up before the Stratford bench of magistrates recently, on a charge of writing a threatening letter to Mr. Wallace, menacing his life. Mr. Willoughby, for the prosecution, said that the prisoner some time ago staked £500 against Mr. Wallace to prove that the earth was flat. Mr. Walsh, the editor of the *Field*, was made the umpire, and after a series of scientific experiments had been made it was proved to the umpire's satisfaction that the earth was round, and he gave his decision accordingly. Mr. Hampden acquiesced, at the time, in the justice of the award, but legal proceedings arose in the matter, and Mr. Hampden allowed judgment to go by default. Since then Mr. Wallace had received letters from the prisoner of the most offensive and libellous nature.

...

The Bench said that it seemed to be the case of a crazy man writing crazy letters. Hampden was bound over.

MEDICAL CARDS.

Dr. A. G. Olin,

...

Dr. Clark.

...

TAX SALE

on General Taxes and Special Assessments for the Year 1868.

(APPEALED.)

GENERAL TAXES FOR 1868.

...

Original Town of Chicago.

Fort Dearborn Addition to Chicago.

Fractional Section Fifteen Addition to Chicago.

School Section Addition to Chicago.

Clark's Addition to Chicago.

Adam Murray's Addition to Chicago.

Cottage Grove.

Sampson & Greene's Addition to Chicago.

Union Park Addition to Chicago.

Union Park Second Addition to Chicago.

Carpenter's Addition to Chicago.

Original Town of Chicago.

School Section Add.

Duncan's Addition to Chicago.

Ashland Addition to Chicago.

Ashland Second Addition to Chicago.

Sheffield's Addition to Chicago.

Russell, Mather & Roberts' Addition to Chicago.

Higgins, Law & Co.'s Addition to Chicago.

Butler, Wright & Webster's Addition to Chicago.

Walcott's Addition to Chicago.

Original Town of Chicago.

Sheffield's Addition to Chicago.

SPECIAL ASSESSMENTS FOR 1868.

...

Fractional Section 15 Addition to Chicago.

School Section Addition to Chicago.

Fort Dearborn Addition to Chicago.

Original Town of Chicago.

Duncan's Addition to Chicago.

Original Town of Chicago.

...

W. J. ONAHAN, City Collector.

SCHENCK'S MEDICINES.

DR. SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.
SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.
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SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.

...

Schenck's Mandrake Pills.

PROPOSALS.

CINCINNATI, RICHMOND & FORT WAYNE RAILROAD.

Further Letting of the Work.

...

Fort Wayne, July 15, 1871.

TIME TABLE.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

Illinois Central.

Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad.

Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad.

Michigan Central and Great Western Railway.

Chicago, Alton & St. Louis Railroad.

Chicago, Danville & Vincennes Railroad.

Pittsburgh, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railroad.

Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad.

...

ADDRESS TO THE NERVOUS AND DEBILITATED,

...

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU

...

HELMBOLD'S Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla,

The Great Blood Purifier, and Beautifier of the Complexion.

HELMBOLD'S Extract Sarsaparilla

WILL RADICALLY EXTERMINATE FROM THE SYSTEM SCROFULA, SYPHILIS, FEVER SORES, ULCERS, SORE EYES, SORE LEGS, SORE MOUTH, SORE HEAD, BRONCHITIS, SKIN DISEASES, SALT RHEUM, CANKERS, RUNNINGS FROM THE EAR, WHITE SWELLINGS, TUMORS, CANCEROUS AFFECTIONS, NODES, RICKETS, GLANDULAR SWELLINGS, NIGHT SWEATS, RASH, TETTER, HUMORS OF ALL KINDS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, DYSPEPSIA, AND ALL DISEASES THAT HAVE BEEN ESTABLISHED IN THE SYSTEM FOR YEARS.

...

HELMBOLD'S Catawba Grape Pills

The Most Reliable Purgative and Cathartic known—superseding Salts, Magnesia, etc., etc.

...

THE CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS

...

CATAWBA GRAPE JUICE, AND FLUID EXTRACT RHUBARB.

...

Helmbold's Genuine Preparations.

...

H. T. HELMBOLD,

Practical and Analytical Chemist, Crystal Palace Pharmacy, 594 Broadway, New York,

And 104 South Tenth-st., Philadelphia, Pa.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

GAMES AND PASTIMES.

A Glorious Day for Base Ball in Chicago.

White Stockings vs. Mutuals—A Splendid Contest.

The New Yorkers Defeated by the Score of 17 to 8.

Twelve Thousand People Assembled to Witness the Game.

Fourth Day of the Prairie Club Shooting Tournament.

Aquatic Matters—The Turf—Cricket, Etc.

BASE BALL.

WHITE STOCKINGS VS. MUTUALS.

If there was ever a day when Chicago had her fill of base ball glory, that day was yesterday, when the return game took place between the White Stockings and the New York Mutuals, being the second game of the series for the championship. The first game, it will be remembered, was played in New York on the 5th of June, on which occasion the Whites, although completely outbatting their opponents, gave the game away by wretched fielding, and suffered their first defeat for 1871 by the score of 8 to 5. They were promised another game, and, a few days later, went on the field to play, but the sudden appearance of a slight rain shower gave the Mutuals a pretext for withdrawing just after play was begun, although the weather cleared up within five minutes after the Mutes had left the field. They were evidently only too well pleased to get out of it so, for they seemed to share in the presentiment of the Chicago boys, who went on the field with the utmost confidence, feeling that they would win beyond question. [illegible]

[illegible]

THE TRIGGER.

LAST DAY OF THE PRAIRIE CLUB TOURNAMENT.

The double-bird shooting on yesterday was fully as successful in its way as the three days of single bird popping, and the number of contestants was not very much smaller. [illegible]

[illegible]

AQUATIC.

[illegible]

THE TURF.

KINGFISHER AND LONGFELLOW.

From the New York Sun July 27.

[illegible]

CRICKET.

VICTORY FOR BOSTON.

NEW YORK, July 28.—The cricket match at Hoboken ended with a victory for the Boston Club over the St. George, of New York.

SEA STORES AND FUEL.

The Law Regulating the Purchase of the Same by Seamen Trading on the Northwestern Lakes.

The attention of seamen trading on the Northwestern lakes is called to a law of Congress, passed February 10, 1871, as follows: [illegible]

Ladies' Suits at Reduced Prices.

[illegible]

REPORTS FROM THE COURTS.

The Carberry-Cardwell Case—A Plea of Justification.

Important Decision in a Trade-Mark Controversy.

Additional and Fuller Returns from Charles J. Lets's Victims.

CIRCUIT COURT.

LIBEL CASE—PLEA OF JUSTIFICATION.

There has been on trial, before Judge Rogers, for several days, an action on the case brought by Fanny L. Carberry against William F. Cardwell. The parties were originally wife and husband; the woman laid her damages at $30,000, and alleged that her ex-spouse had slandered her. [illegible]

UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT.

A TRADE-MARK CASE.

A case the first of its kind in this district, has come before Judge Blodgett, and been decided. [illegible]

CRIMINAL COURT.

[illegible]

SUPERIOR COURT.

[illegible]

THE POLICE COURTS.

[illegible]

REAL ESTATE.

Warrantee deeds conveying city and suburban property within seven miles of the Court House, filed for record on Thursday, July 27: [illegible]

THE NEXT LEGISLATIVE SESSIONS.

Correspondence Between Mayor Mason and Governor Palmer Concerning the Adjournment to Chicago.

The following correspondence between Mayor Mason and Governor Palmer, in relation to the adjourned session of the Legislature, and the probability of a session being held in Chicago in November next, explains itself: [illegible]

PRISON REFORM WORK.

Report of Miss Gilbert—Situations Procured—Railroad Passes—Clothing Furnished—Letters Written.

Miss Gilbert, of prison reform work fame, has made the following report: [illegible]

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

Making Bessemer Steel.

[illegible]

Announcements.

[illegible]

A Medical Library.

[illegible]

Incipient Fires.

[illegible]

Meteorological.

[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

[illegible]

ARTESIAN WELLS AND THE RIVER.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

[illegible]

CHICAGO, July 28, 1871.

Sunday California Mail Train.

[illegible]

Reduction of Freight Rates.

[illegible]

THE INDIANA STATE PRINTING.

Copy of the Affidavit on Which Mr. Bright Was Arrested.

From the Indianapolis Journal, July 27.

The following is the affidavit upon which the warrant issued for the arrest of Richard J. Bright, for perjury, and for which his trial will commence this morning at 11 o'clock, before Justice Charles Fisher: [illegible]

THE BLOOD OF HARRY LEE.

The Remarkable Ancestry of a Saratoga Waiter—A Romantic Episode of Slavery Times—How Webster and Calhoun Helped William Jackson to a Wife.

Saratoga Correspondence of the New York Commercial Advertiser.

Year after year Robert Jackson has been the second waiter at the Grand Union; but the careless crowds that frequent the mammoth hostelry have not known that through his veins courses the proudest Virginia blood.

Robert is a small, well-made quadroon, fashioned, perhaps, in about the same mold as Stephen A. Douglas, for his head closely resembles that of the Little Giant. His grandfather was General Harry Lee, of Revolutionary light-horse-cavalry fame, and his mother was a slave woman named Jenny, a maid of Mrs. Lee. Soon after the birth of William Jackson, the head waiter's father, Jenny was sold to Colonel Stewart, of Frederick County, Md. The boy William showed extraordinary intelligence, and became a pet of his master, and on the death of Colonel Stewart found himself free by a clause in the will. William went immediately to Washington, where he had been many times with his master. There he met John McLean, Postmaster-General under Martin Van Buren, and a friend of his old master. Judge McLean appointed him a messenger in the Post Office Department at a salary of $600 per annum.

While a messenger in the Post Office Department, William Jackson met a beautiful long-haired octoroon, the slave of old Judge John Stewart, of Baltimore. The slave girl's name was Rachel, and she came to attend Miss Stewart, one of the fashionable Baltimore belles, at one of President Van Buren's receptions. William lost his heart with the dusky maid, and soon went to Baltimore to get Judge Stewart, who owned her, to consent to their marriage.

"No, sir," said the Judge, indignantly, "Rachel is a slave, and she must marry a slave. If she marries a free nigger she will be running away herself; and, besides, I don't know when I may want to sell her to the New Orleans traders."

"Then I can never marry her?"

"Never, until somebody buys her from me," replied the Judge.

Rachel was sent to the Frederick County farm, and thither William went in the night to hold a conversation with her. First it was resolved to run away. But there was no chance for success. The Fugitive Slave law was in effect, passes were required by the slaves on the plantation, and to run away was surely to be caught, returned, and then a dreadful whipping followed.

"What can we do?" sobbed Rachel.

"I know," replied William, "I will buy you myself."

"But you have no money."

"I can work and earn it," replied the determined lover.

"How much will you take for Rachel?" he asked of Judge Stewart the next day.

"Well, a thousand dollars will buy her," replied the hard-hearted Judge.

William went to work—every cent was saved, he even going on foot into Frederick County by night to see Rachel, where they held solemn consultations, and hoped only for the time when he could buy her and own her and make her his wife.

Think of that, mercenary beaux, heartless fortune-hunters of Congress Hall—think of toiling night and day, and then think of paying your last cent for the love of a woman.

Two years rolled around, and nine hundred dollars gladdened the sight of William Jackson. Christmas came.

"What shall I give you for Christmas this year, William?" asked the good old Postmaster General of his trusty messenger.

"Anything, Mr. Secretary."

"But what would you like most?"

Then William told the story of his and Rachel's troubles—how he was afraid she would be sold, how he loved her dearly, and how he lacked still a hundred dollars to buy her.

The old Postmaster General took off his specs, wiped his eyes, then put them on again. Then he fumbled in his pockets. "Five—ten—twenty—thirty," he counted, and then he handed William a hundred dollars.

Too happy to live, William started for Judge Stewart's.

"Here, Master John," said he, with his eyes all aglow with joy, "here is the thousand dollars—now I want Rachel."

"My God! William, you don't tell me so!" exclaimed the Judge. "Why, I sold Rachel yesterday for $1,200, to go to Mobile."

"When is she going?" asked William, nervously.

"She's gone already—went yesterday. She'll be in Lynchburg in three days, by the boat."

Broken-hearted and crushed in spirit William hurried back to Judge McLean, in Washington. The Judge heard his story. Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun were in the Judge's room, and they both took a deep interest.

"Let's raise the money and send William after her," said the generous Webster.

"He would be seized a dozen times as a fugitive," said the Judge, "and they would sell him, too."

"I'll send my Private Secretary," said Mr. Webster, and so he did.

There was no telegraph then, nor cars, but the secretary took the Potomac River boat, and with $1,200, contributed by William Jackson's friends in the department, overtook Rachel, showed Mr. Calhoun's letter, endorsed by several Virginians, bought her and brought her back. Calhoun, Webster, and Judge McLean saw them married the next week.

Robert Jackson afterward waited on Webster and Calhoun in their old age at the old Indian Queen Hotel, in Washington, now called the Metropolitan, where in 1854 he met Mrs. Joseph C. Lutter, a present Adelle of Congress Hall, on her wedding tour. Mrs. Luther took Robert to Sweeney, Massachusetts, instructed him, and a few years afterward he made an engagement at the Union Hotel. During the winter he catered for those eccentric bachelors in New York, Mr. T. H. Faile, Mr. Edward Penfold, or Mr. Robert McCrosky. Only the former survives. He caters for New Yorkers in the winter, at 238 Waverley place. Robert has perhaps the largest acquaintance of any one in Saratoga. He knows old Presidents and scions of royalty, knows distinguished savants, poets, statesmen, and historians. He lives in a beautiful vine-clad cottage on Washington street, in Saratoga, where the guests of Congress Hall frequently call upon his wife, who is one of the neatest housekeepers in Saratoga.

A Death-Bed Divorce.

Eli Davis, of Lewisville, died on Wednesday, July 12, 1871. He had been for two years laboring under the effects of paralysis. For one year he had been unable to walk except by the aid of others, and for more than six months had been to all appearances devoid of reason or any knowledge of persons or things. On July 18, about 6 o'clock p. m., and fifteen hours before his final exit, and when he was to all intents and purposes, except the mere fact of breathing, as dead as poor old Marley, he was divorced by Judge Wood's court from his second wife. [illegible]

Southern Cotton Markets.

[illegible]

BUSINESS NOTICES.

[illegible]

AMUSEMENTS.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE.

KATIE PUTNAM.

The Field of the Cloth of Gold.

DEARBORN THEATRE.

HOME!

MINNIE.

CASTE.

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On Saturday, July 29, commencing at 9 1-2 o'clock,

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At 11 o'clock a Fine Lot of Chromos Elegantly Framed.

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Carpets, Crockery, and Book Cases,

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Also HORSE, BUGGY, and HARNESS,

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FURNITURE,

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100 half barrels A No. 1 Mackerel.

100 kits do do

AT AUCTION.

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CHOICE TEAS.

FORMOSA OOLONGS,

JAPAN TEAS.

CITY REAL ESTATE.

[illegible]

SUBURBAN REAL ESTATE.

[illegible]

COUNTRY REAL ESTATE.

[illegible]

REAL ESTATE WANTED.

[illegible]

BOARDING AND LODGING.

[illegible]

BOARD WANTED.

[illegible]

MACHINERY.

[illegible]

HELP WANTED—MALE.

[illegible]

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

[illegible]

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

[illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS.

[illegible]

FINANCIAL.

[illegible]

FOR SALE.

[illegible]

LOST AND FOUND.

[illegible]

SEWING MACHINES.

[illegible]

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE.

[illegible]

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALE.

[illegible]

TO RENT—HOUSES.

[illegible]

TO RENT—STORES, OFFICES.

[illegible]

TO RENT—ROOMS.

[illegible]

BUSINESS CHANCES.

[illegible]

AGENTS WANTED.

[illegible]

INSTRUCTION.

[illegible]

PARTNERS WANTED.

[illegible]

HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

[illegible]

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

[illegible]

WANTED TO RENT.

[illegible]

TO LEASE.

[illegible]

THE AMERICAN LADY.

A Chicago Story.

BY FORTUNIO,

Author of "John Bull," "The License in Love," "The Romance of an Actress," etc., etc.

Written for the Chicago Tribune.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE DEBUT OF VALENTINE.

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She confided, however, her sorrow to none, and from her calm exterior and quiet demeanor the family had failed to notice the violent agitation through which she had but an hour before passed.

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Mr. Duval, who had never closely observed the expression and manners of his child, and being himself a sort of musical monomaniac, of course, would be the last to scrutinize the face of Valentine. Alice, absorbed in her maternal duties and in the dawning intelligence of her young son, had not noticed more than her father the suffering which Valentine strove to heroically bear up under. The Count alone detected something, and he believed it to be disease, for he had no reason to suspect that Valentine's heart was interested in anything but music and her family; therefore, he refrained from questioning her, in order not to cause her unnecessary anxiety on her own account. It did not occur to him for several days after that Valentine's manner toward him, although reserved, was not icy. So absorbed was he in the arrangement in his mind of all the details of the dear girl's anticipated debut.

Several weeks had passed, and the cold season was approaching its end, when an opera season was advertised in Chicago. It was to be a short season, and the Count had hinted to the old musician that the occasion was favorable for the first appearance of Valentine. Mr. Duval, happy and impatient as a child, had given his hearty consent, and the arrangements were to be perfected by the Count. Valentine was to sing "The Huguenots."

"After this attempt," said he, "we will start for Italy, where our dear prima donna must finish her studies. In the interim, an engagement with some good opera troupe, to accustom her to the stage and to the eyes of the public, may be entered into. At least, when she shall have acquired the necessary firmness and is fully inaugurated into the secrets of her profession, we will take her to Paris, to establish her reputation." Such was the family chat of the Count with old Mr. Duval, and the idea of returning to Europe too much pleased him to allow of his making the least objection to any honest project which should further that object. The great preoccupation of both was, now, Valentine's debut, and the Count had an especial reason for wishing to accelerate the time of this first appearance in Chicago, in order, that done, that she might be taken to a milder climate for the ostensible object of studying music, but really for the improvement of her decline of health.

He was not blind in this respect, and saw that Valentine to be saved must have change of air and attention.

In Europe, and especially in France, a debut in so difficult an opera as "The Huguenots," is an event of some importance. The public is interested, the orchestra considers it a solemn occasion, and preparation is made for it with the most careful or rather religious exactness, and every person engaged aims to reach as near as possible the perfection of his profession. But in America, it must be said, that the presentation of an opera does not assume such important proportions. The director frequently plays "The Huguenots" without scenery or any of the accessories to produce effect without chorus, and, sometimes, without an orchestra, merely as if it were an old vaudeville or a simple charade. It may be imagined what interest such a performance would have for a dilettante with the cultivation of the Russian Count. It has not even the merit of recalling remembrances of past enjoyment.

The troupe, however, which was passing through Chicago, was a troupe above those ordinarily visiting the West, and the Count was happy to discover that the material which must assist Valentine in her difficult role was made up of artists of talent and cultivation. They were all familiar with the opera, and, therefore, were confident, which state of equipoise is necessary to inspire the same feeling throughout the audience.

The Count possessed the golden key that opens all doors. He was polite to the gentlemen of the company, made presents to the ladies, placed his horses and carriage at the disposal of the director, and gave to the whole troupe a grand dinner at his residence at Hyde Park. Each seemed to rival the other in endeavors to make this evening a success, upon which Valentine's future career seemed so much to depend. The rehearsals were repeated, the choruses increased, the orchestra reinforced, and Mr. Duval was promised, at his urgent request, an opportunity to play his clarinet solo, the same as he had done when performing at the Imperial Theatre at Vienna.

"Ah, you shall see, my child," said he to Valentine, "how I will play on that evening. You just try to sing as well, and we must succeed. We shall be covered with flowers, the horses will be taken from our carriage, and we shall be drawn in triumph to our home!"

Simple and beautiful was the old artist in his innocent anticipation of pleasure. The debut of Valentine he confused it with that of his dead child, and seemed to forget that years of sorrow had passed between that event and the present. His heart beat with the same youthful ardor as in those glorious old times when he had felt all the trepidation, and afterward the satisfaction of well-earned applause.

As for the Count, the spirit which animated him was not less enthusiastic, but showed itself differently. This brief interest in the stage recomposed afresh the life of his youth and its fond recollections. Those scenes, that orchestra, and the thousand and one details connected with the character of Valentine, all moved him to the very depth of his soul. It repeated to him the story of his first love. It appeared to him that the past was in the present; that he beheld, brilliant and radiant, full of health and beauty, his dear lost Anna, who had, when first he saw her, all that renders woman lovely and makes her the idol of him who is fortunate enough to have secured her love. And when at the first grand rehearsal the blushing daughter of the old musician modestly, but with the enthusiasm of genius, rendered her part, the Count became entranced, for, said he, they are like sisters. They look alike; they sing alike. Dressed in a black gown, which brought out the delicacy of her figure and the splendor of her complexion, her silky and abundant light hair half unrolled upon her shoulders, forming an airy frame to her sweet and poetic face, caused the Count to contemplate her with infinite tenderness and profound melancholy. Poor girl, he thought, so young, so talented and so good, and already marked by the hand of death, unless God by some miracle saves her to us. Then relapsing into a deep revery which was inexplicable, save to those who could look into the inmost recesses of his heart, he only came to himself at the sound of Valentine's voice. She was visibly affected, and the slight tremor alone in her tones at the commencement of her singing discovered to the Count the true state of her feelings. But gradually her voice recovered itself, and the woman disappeared in the artist. Her accent was clear, sympathetic and pure, and her method faultless. The effect her singing produced upon those present at that rehearsal was mesmeric. Mr. Duval became so enthusiastic that he played a false note upon his clarinet, for which crime he could not forgive himself for days. At the close of her solo all flocked about her, predicting a great future for the young cantatrice of Chicago. The Count remained by himself, loth to lose the bright vision which seemed to have returned to him from the past.

"Well," said Mr. Duval, approaching him with a flourish of his clarinet, "what do you think of my grand-daughter now? What do you say of her singing now?"

"Yes, what do you say?" added Valentine, from the stage, with an anxious smile.

"Answer! answer!" was the general request from the performers, as it was well known that his judgment was unimpeachable upon the subject of music.

"And you are anxious to know my opinion, are you?" gayly added the Count. "Well, all the opinion I can give is, that I am satisfied."

"That's very good," said the old musician, delighted. "The silent approval of M. de Romanoff is worth the applause of a dozen superficial assemblies!"

The greatest publicity was given to the expected debut of Valentine, as well outside of the city as in Chicago itself. Everybody seemed to wish to make it the lyric event of the season. The elite of society had purchased in good season most of the reserved seats. The Count, the industrious Mr. Harper, Benedict, and the venerable Dr. Stuart had made all the exertion requisite to interest everybody who at all cared for such things, in this first appearance of the young Austrian singer. Every obstacle had been removed, and Valentine had but to be strong and success was hers. Then it was not at all singular that Chicago should feel some pride in the debut of the first great singer it had as yet produced.

Valentine alone, of all those interested, seemed not to notice the great anxiety felt in her behalf. She neither expressed gratitude nor showed affection to the Count, although at first she had been very demonstrative in her protestations of thankfulness. Valentine was a good-hearted girl, dutiful, and easily touched toward those demanding her sympathy. An excellent musician, gifted with a fine voice, and with taste in all that pertained to the art of music, yet in general she was ignorant in all those branches considered essential in the education of a young lady of the present day.

Brought up by an old man who worshipped her, and who could give her no instruction save in that which was his ruling passion of life, her nature had been dwarfed rather than developed. She was what is termed whimsical, but to her feeble health was attributable much of her depression of spirits, when she was exuberant with joy and gayety, and again she was in a state of great despondency, all in the same hour. The poor girl was vacillating, but had never been taught to examine herself, that she might correct her fancies. The Count, being, as one might say, since he was a good judge of character, and was able to prescribe for both soul and body, had made himself familiar with the cause of Valentine's strange behavior towards him. It could be for no other reason than that ... after contemplating her ... of some of her singular ... But upon the evening before the debut ... the music began to fall from his ... Coming home somewhat tired, after a day of exertion, solely for Valentine's benefit, and wet and cold he expected a smile and a cordial welcome from her. There was no necessity for him to inquire for Valentine, for he heard her playing upon the piano in the small parlor, in which she now usually was to be found. Here he had listened to her and instructed her, and feeling a desire to be greeted by her affectionately, he entered unannounced, and found her just beginning a very difficult air from an old opera, and which, upon seeing him, she removed from the piano, and placed it back upon the music stand.

"Have I interrupted you?" asked the Count, with evident surprise.

"No," she answered, "I have just finished."

"That's singular."

"What's singular? That I have ended?"

"No, but that you say you have finished, when I heard just now, but the beginning of the piece."

Valentine blushed, but, nevertheless, closed the piano, and slowly left the room without a word.

Count Serge was astonished, but attributing this singular conduct to a whim arising, perhaps, from the nervous state natural to one who, on the next day, expected to make or mar her future, he followed her into the library, where she was already occupied with a book. But here he seemed to meet with no better reception, for, upon his approach, she made a motion as if to put aside her reading, and retire from his presence.

"Keep your seat, child," said the Count, kindly, although more touched than perhaps he would have been willing to confess; "I do not wish to interrupt you. I shall withdraw in a moment." And, suiting the action to his words, he advanced toward the door several steps.

"You do not interrupt me, sir," stammered Valentine, very much embarrassed. "Besides, it is I that should give place to you."

"Let's see, Valentine," continued the Count, very quietly; "let us have a little chat, just like two old friends—for friends we are, are we not?"

Valentine could say nothing, and the Count proceeded:

"Have I offended you without knowing it, and especially without wishing it?"

"I have not said so, sir."

In the manner in which the young girl said this the Count was forced to believe that something troubled her, but, wishing to avoid the appearance of soliciting her confidence, which, perhaps, she would not voluntarily trust to him, he merely smiled, and said, sadly:

"I fear, child, you are about to adopt the same course of action toward me that Mrs. Grey has seen fit to adopt. But you must remember that it does not depend upon you to change my feelings toward you. By whatever name you may call my affection, it cannot change. It must last forever."

Valentine, who was far from being calm, and thinking, perhaps, that she had unintentionally wounded the Count, went to him, and, taking his arm, said, affectionately:

"Yes, I well know that you are one of the kindest of men, and the most devoted of friends, and I have no more changed toward you than you have toward me. I am sure of this; but I have a secret which you will please not ask me to tell now, but which I must soon confide to you."

"A secret? Let it be then as you wish, child. You will see that it is not easy to deceive me, and that it is always best to tell me the truth at once, for fear I may discover it myself, and thus cheat you of the opportunity."

Here the conversation ended, and early the following morning the Count left the city, to look after the interests of Valentine's debut. At 2 o'clock, however, he returned, bringing with him Mr. Harper and wife, Dr. Stuart and Grace. Benedict, who was already there copying a Raphael with Mr. Duval, Alice and Valentine made up the coterie so frequently found at this house. Valentine, if possible, more nervous than on the preceding day, did not enter the dining-room until the party were seated at the table.

"I beg your pardon," said the Count, "for compelling you to dine at this early hour, but the fault is not mine. All must give way to the great event of the household, the entree of our dear artist into the world of music. She must be in full voice, and accordingly have time for digestion."

"Oh, digestion with me will be an easy matter," said Valentine gayly, "for I have not the least appetite. I am sure to eat but the portion of a bird to-day."

"Just such as you are," said Harper, with gravity.

"That all may be very well," said Dr. Stuart, "but my advice is, that our nightingale should eat a good dinner, for her evening's work will need strength."

"That's her wisest course," said the Count, passing her a plate of excellent soup. "Nothing affects the stomach so much as strong emotion, and it is no small task to sing 'The Huguenots' well. The duet of the fourth act makes no allowance for weakness of soul or body."

"I am not going to faint, rest assured of that," said Valentine bravely.

"For my part, I predict a great success this evening, and everybody about town is of my opinion that is at all musical. I have heard of any number of bouquets designed for her, not to speak of cars."

"Yes, yes, Valentine," said old Mr. Duval in a paroxysm of joy. "We are to have a triumph and no mistake. The old days of Sontag and Malibran are to be revived. Yes, yes. You must show to the world that the art of singing is not lost yet!"

The conversation thus flowed on and was chiefly upon the topic of all others which most interested the little party, and that was Valentine's debut.

At the dessert Sambo entered with champagne, and the glasses were filled, and after a few kindly expressions from Grace in honor of the heroine of the evening, the contents were drank with great relish.

"Now, child, come and give us each a good kiss. That's better than any fine speech that you can make."

Valentine faithfully obeyed her old grandfather, beginning with Grace and ending with the Count. The company could but remark her embarrassment as she approached him, but, nevertheless, she threw both her arms about his neck with charming abandon, and fell upon his breast like a loving child. As for the Count, he had never before kissed the young girl who to him filled the place in his heart of daughter, and in now pressing her feverish lips to his own, he felt yet stronger that she ought to have the right to his fatherly care and affection, and that it should never be his fault if she did not receive it.

After dinner, and while the guests were taking coffee in the parlor, Valentine retired to her room, which upon opening the door, she perceived to be full of flowers. Upon a table, a casket—blue being the emblem of fidelity—supported by a stand of ebony, lay a golden diadem in imitation of interlaced branches of laurel, and studded with magnificent diamonds. A simple note in pencil from the Count lay under this precious present. It contained only these words:

"To the great artist of the future by the friends of to-day."

Poor Valentine was fully overcome. She felt her heart throbbing with grateful emotion, and falling upon her knees she thanked God for permitting her to have so many friends, and prayed that she might always remain worthy of such affection.

Upon her return to the parlor, she was yet very pale, and so much affected that Mr. Duval said:

"Child, for what are you weeping?"

"For happiness only," answered Valentine, and pressing the hands of her friends affectionately, she again burst into tears.

"Tut, tut," said the Count. "No more crying. To-night we shall be your debtor."

Some one remarked that the carriage was in readiness at the door, and Valentine, who was ready, took leave of the friendly party, and with airy feet started for the vestibule.

"My child," cried Mr. Duval, "cover yourself well."

"That's good but useless advice. Sambo will see to all that," said the Count, kindly. And Valentine found upon the cushions of the carriage an elegant pelisse of Russian fur, which, with the whole equipage, was a present from the Count. Poor girl! She was happy at first, but by degrees she began to feel herself almost crushed under the contemplation of the riches which she was receiving without being able to answer for what or by what right she had accepted them. Confused and fearful she relapsed into a painful revery, which did not leave her even after entering the Opera House.

The performance commenced at 8 o'clock precisely, and long before that hour the house was crowded. The parquette and all the private boxes were filled with such of the Chicago society as only attend entertainments of merit. The young and handsome faces and the splendid toilets of the ladies gave the theatre a really gorgeous appearance. The Count and his friends occupied his favorite box, the box in which he had spent a few happy hours which, now, however, made him sad at their recollection. Mrs. Grey, with two or three gentlemen, was seated in the box opposite, and seemed not to be in the least observant of her friends vis-a-vis.

The Count saw all, and especially noticed the presence of a fine-looking young man faultlessly dressed, and who seemed to be the cavalier of the young widow. He could not believe it possible that, rid of the old, she had so soon put on the new, but, rather, that she was anxious to contradict the rumors in circulation concerning her intimacy with himself, and, therefore, she appeared thus publicly with these new faces, for she was neither a frivolous woman nor a coquette, he believed. The opportunity was well taken, since most of the elite of the city were present, and, with their own eyes, were able to see the falseness of the rumors which had coupled her name with his. Mrs. Grey, as the Count observed, contrary to her custom, was dressed somewhat fancifully, which circumstance tended to draw still more attention upon the box she occupied. M. de Romanoff remained at the back of his box, so that he could neither be seen from the stage nor by the audience. He took advantage of his position to watch the young widow, and it cannot be denied that the interest in her was but natural, considering all that had passed between them. He noticed that she was calm, and, if possible, handsomer than ever; that she appeared to be in excellent health, and without a cloud of anxiety to disturb the serenity of her peaceful and uneventful life.

The orchestra was complete, and Mr. Duval, with his antiquated black dress coat and white cravat, the same he had worn in the grand imperial orchestra at Vienna, was performing the part of first clarinet with an exactness and precision challenging admiration, when Valentine entered upon the stage. He lifted his old head to see her—his beautiful child—and to give her an encouraging smile, but he made no mistake this time. In the second act, in which she commences to sing, all is hushed. Her voice rises clear and sweet, and the audience is on the point of applauding her, when a few energetic hisses are heard. The galleries take the cue, and hisses are repeated in several parts of the house. Valentine trembles, for she remembers that her name is not untarnished by slander. She hesitates; she is hardly able to articulate a sound. Mr. Duval listens attentively and the Count is startled. In a moment, however, it flashed through his mind that there was some preconcerted plan in this circumstance. Could it be that Marcus had organized it, and had his emissaries in different parts of the house to carry out his devilish purpose? With such questions the Count occupied himself at that distressing and humiliating moment. He was not cognizant of the fact that this dastardly fellow had put in circulation, reports which would rob Valentine of sympathy and respect whenever or wherever she appeared in public, and that he had so skilfully laid his plans that the reputation of the young debutante, both as woman and artist, had been struck down by one well-aimed blow.

"I ought to have expected this," said M. de Romanoff, after a moment's thought, "and have attempted to ward it off. It is too late now. The harm has been done." Valentine, perfectly stupified by this unexpected and yet half-dreaded reception, lost power over her voice. The public, which notices everything, soon began to express feelings of disapprobation, and as it had been insinuated that as a woman she did not merit esteem, neither as an artist could she claim talent.

Had Valentine but sung as well as she was able, the audience would have forgotten everything, because the public is expressive and forgiving when pleased, and a mere nothing is often able to modify its judgments. But, unfortunately, the current had been against her from the beginning, and owing to her fright carried her along with fatal velocity. Accustomed to the stage, she would have been able to resist this stream of discontent and turn it to her favor but, poor girl, she knew nothing of the theatre, and nothing absolutely of the world. Her disconsolate old grandfather, the Count, and the artists upon the stage, used every effort to encourage her, but without success, and with the fourth act the failure was completed. In the midst of that grand duet for which she was best prepared, and in which she ought to have reclaimed her lost advantages, her voice became utterly lost in the confusion and uproar of the few malcontents. Cries and hisses alone met her, and deafened her ears. Valentine retired from the stage, and when order had been established, the principal ... appeared before the curtain, and informed the audience that the young lady had fainted, and would not reappear; that Miss Duval was a talented singer, but, from the beginning to the fatal end, she had not been able to do herself justice; that the judicious approval of those before her would have produced a far different effect upon her. "She will yet vindicate herself, I am satisfied," said he, energetically, and retired. Applause followed him, and, after a moment of silence, the audience slowly passed out of the house.

Had Valentine appeared the next night before the same public, her success would have been insured, but it was too late now. Delicate and weak, upon reaching her little chamber, at the Count's residence, a stream of blood flowed from her mouth, which continued until exhausted, when she fell asleep, unhappy, weary of herself, and of all the world.

As the Count emerged from the theatre, and was about entering his carriage, he felt the hand of some one upon his arm.

"I told you," said this person, "that you would not possess her long. To-night she has received her death warrant."

The Count turned suddenly and recognized Dr. Marcus. In a moment he had again disappeared in the crowd, and he only saw a woman, dressed in black, leaning against his carriage. Addressing him, she said:

"Would you like to know the whereabouts of Dr. Marcus?"

"I should," promptly replied the Count.

"Allow me, then, to meet you to-morrow at your house, and I will tell you all you wish to know."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SEPARATION.

Carried home in an almost senseless condition, Valentine was attended with the most solicitous care by the whole family circle, each seeming to vie with the other in kindly suggestions and untiring devotion. Her poor old grandfather and the Count seemed to have lost every other interest save that which would add to her comfort, ease her pain, and, in a measure, obliterate the remembrance of that terrible night of suffering and anguish just past. The Count, indeed, had undergone a complete transformation in his whole being. Not only did Valentine absorb every thought, but he felt there was a tie which bound her to him most mysteriously, which he was not able to explain, but which was stronger than that of any other earthly tie, and as long as she was in danger he was unhappy, and unable to leave her side. As she gradually began to recover from her first attack, the Count himself looked as though just risen from a sick bed. After every consultation with Dr. Stuart, who had always admired Valentine, the Count appeared to be very much dejected. It was impossible for him with all the knowledge he possessed of her disease to deceive himself as to her true condition. He was well aware that the seeming recovery was but a phase of her sickness, which leads the poor invalid to hope to the very last. "With my powerlessness to avert death, what is my existence to me alone?" said he. "What is my fortune unshared by her? Why can I not give to her the remainder of my years, she who is but just entering life, so full of anticipations, of talent and beauty? She would become famous, be adored, and be happy, while I, what am I? What is there in store for me? I love, but am not loved in return. I only ask that I may nourish and cherish this sweet flower, my precious Valentine, as my own, but she, with all the rest, is to be taken from me. Once I was loved, but God took my idol at a moment when life in all its glory was opening before us. Again did I think to realize the dream of the domestic circle, when death comes stealing into my household and threatens to rob me of this sweet, rosy child of spring. Oh, this life! unfathomable and cruel, and who can solve its mysteries? The key to mine is not this side the grave." Thus mused the Count, as with silent anguish he contemplated the delicate complexion, the wan features, and brilliant eye of the beautiful patient before him, who was not in the least anxious about herself, and was laughing at him for his tormenting fears.

"But why this preoccupation in my presence," said Valentine, with an air of tender reproof; "I am not sick; I have never felt better, and see, my voice has never been clearer!" and to convince him she brilliantly ran through a roulade, of which every note seemed but a living protestation against his fears. But a moment after her voice became hoarse; a slight fit of coughing followed, and other signs insignificant in themselves, were observable which the Count knew to be symptoms preceding that insidious disease which wastes and wastes the body, but makes lucid and spiritual the mind and heart. The Count, who saw this with the affection almost of a father and the apprehension of a physician, replied only with a melancholy smile.

One evening after she had to all appearances really become better, and, finding herself alone with the Count, she raised herself from off the pillows, placed them behind her, smoothed the bed cover before her, and, in a somewhat embarrassed manner, slowly began to speak.

"As Grace has gone down into the parlor," said she, hesitatingly, "to take a little rest and recreation at the piano, I wish to take advantage of this opportunity to talk awhile with you. Do you allow it?"

"I allow everything that you desire, and that will not increase your illness, dear child," replied the Count, with a sad and foreboding tone of voice. "But what can you have of such moment to tell me. Do you want a light?"

"No, I prefer this twilight, thank you."

"Because it prevents your seeing me."

"Perhaps. I don't know why, really."

"It is then something very serious that you are going to confide to me; is it?"

"It is at least difficult to tell it, but it is not very serious."

"Let me hear, then; I am all attention; only don't weary yourself or become unnecessarily nervous over it. I cannot allow that."

The Count had moved his arm-chair nearer the white bedside of the young girl. The dull grey of the room was occasionally lighted up by a flickering blaze from the open fireplace, and to add to this already gloomy and almost spectral chamber, Grace had commenced to play the well known fantasie of Roseland, and its mournful cadences reached the ears but too suggestingly of the occupants of that quiet room. In the corner, a small clock, of the Black Forest pattern, which the old musician had brought from Germany, ticked with a noisy, and, to them, something strange accent.

"Many things have happened," said Valentine, seriously, "since we met for the first time in Lincoln Park; you a stranger and but a passing visitor in Chicago, and I, by accident, occupying a seat in Mrs. Grey's sleigh. Why that morning Florence should have insisted upon my accompanying her, which was unusual, and why you should have chanced to have been riding in the northern part of the city, and passed and re-passed us with a seeming determination to know us, seems to me oftentimes, as something extraordinary."

"Say Providential, perhaps," suggested the Count.

"It is possible, for, so far as I am concerned, I see the hand of God in all that has happened to me, and I believe it is He who has guided me all the way. You have been, indeed, more kind to me than I could have possibly expected from one to whom I was almost unknown. It has deeply affected me, and I cannot fully express to you my gratitude."

For a moment Valentine could not speak, and, taking the Count's hand in her's, she sobbed passionately.

"But—" she continued.

"But what?" said the Count, interrupting her.

"But I must leave you."

"Leave me?" repeated the Count, with utter astonishment; "and for what, child?"

"For many excellent reasons," said Valentine, sadly.

"Tell me but one, if you can?"

"No, that is useless. You might become angry, and that would do no good. I am firmly decided upon this course. It must be."

"Well, if it must be, I have but to remain silent; but I shall naturally be forced to conclude that something has displeased you, or some one has harmed you. Has there been any disrespect shown you in my house?"

"Never; but, on the contrary, everybody has shown me more consideration than I had a right to expect."

"Is it the house which no longer suits you?"

"You know that I like it but too well."

"Then, dear Valentine, it must be me that you do not like."

Valentine did not reply, but placing his hand to her lips the tears hot and fast fell gently upon it.

"Whatever it is," said the Count, without wishing further to excite her, "my affection, of which you cannot know its strength nor understand its depth, will ever remain the same, but its sincerity gives me the right to appeal, if not to your heart, at least to your good judgment. Is it not a mistake that you are now making? After your excellent father, I am your best friend, and what his age, his present state of health, and his indigent circumstances prevents him from doing for you, I can do. All my ambition is centered upon you. Your happiness as a woman, and success as an artist, is for me the greatest desire of my life."

"I believe it," said the young girl, still weeping.

"Well, then, remain here, as you have been doing."

But Valentine shook her head, and did not speak.

M. de Romanoff had known nothing of the disreputable rumors that were afloat concerning his protege, and for which he himself was accountable; but he was convinced that in leaving him Valentine did not act merely from impulse, but that there was good and sufficient cause for her course. Dr. Marcus, he believed, was again at the bottom of this affair, as he had been the mover in the infamous proceeding at the Opera House. His thoughts upon reaching this conclusion naturally brought him to a remembrance of his last encounter with his instrument, Cora Fawn. He now regretted that on the different occasions in which she had presented herself at his door that he had not allowed her to enter. But, so dead to everything but Valentine's recovery had he been since her illness, that he had received no one, and had, indeed, forgotten this woman, in the general order to admit none but the most intimate friends of the invalid.

"Of what are you thinking?" inquired the poor girl, a little quieted during this short silence.

"Of something serious."

"What, please?"

"That you must leave Chicago, and visit a warmer climate. As you were born in Europe, it is best that you return to Austria, where you can remain a few days until your health is restored."

"Do you delude yourself by thinking me a princess?"

"No, but I know I am your friend, and you could not refuse what is the same as your own, and what you stand absolutely in need of. Your physician may prescribe this change of air for you. Your father has not the means. I do not ask to accompany you, if my presence would be objectionable. I only ask you to go, and to use my purse as though it were your own. Mr. Harper will supply you with what is necessary for your outfit here, and I will give you letters of credit upon my bankers at Paris and London. Once in Europe, you will be again restored to health, and can then continue your studies. Then you may return to Chicago and retrieve your lost prestige."

"Is it really true that I am so sick?" inquired Valentine with forced gayety.

"Yes and no."

"What do you mean?"

"Yes, in so far as you are not yet out of danger, and no, because you are fast recovering."

"Well, indeed, I feel much better."

Valentine thought herself in reality quite well, and attributed the Count's solicitude to his parental anxiety over her, and while he wished to advise her without causing her useless anxiety, such advice only resulted in strengthening her in the course she had already marked out for herself.

"Listen to me, Valentine," he said, "besides your grandfather no one takes so deep an interest in you as I. People indifferent to you may deceive you, but I speak to you as a father. Take my advice and go away."

"But why?"

"Because it is for your safety. Do not ask my reasons, but if you have that confidence in me which I had hoped to have inspired in you, you will heed my words."

Then followed a silence between them, a momentous pause, in which fate seemed to be deciding their destiny. The fire had grown low, clouds frequently passed over the moon, the room was gloomy, and the ticking of the old clock seemed to grate upon the sensitive ears of the sick girl, while Grace had selected the most melancholy music of her whole repertoire, the funeral march of Chopin.

The Count was susceptible to inanimate influences, as are all noble natures who live through inspiration and in their affections, and he felt that some new misfortune was in store for him. Valentine was not less a prey to this apparent presentiment. But she was younger, had suffered less and sooner recovered from its depressing effects than the Count.

"It is, then, understood that the day after to-morrow, or, perhaps, at the end of the week at the farthest, I shall take my departure from this house, and shall only take with me recollections of the kindness I have here received. All of your presents, much too rich in my new position, and which will only embarrass me, I shall beg of you to keep, and, as they were intended for the artist, and the artist was not deserving, you must present them to some one more worthy."

"Oh, Valentine, are you not unnecessarily cruel? and are you not following in the footsteps of Mrs. Grey in your treatment of me?"

"You are mistaken—sadly mistaken," replied Valentine, "and the best proof that I can give you is, that I shall not return the flowers, the language of which dropped into my heart and will ever remain there."

The Count, touched and softened, his bitterness passing away, took the transparent hand of Valentine and said, gently:

"These are kind words, and I thank you for them. But do not forget, dear Valentine, in leaving this house, that you leave a friend who will be ever ready to aid you to the extent of his means, and that you will promise to call on him is the only request he has to make of you."

"Oh, I am willing to make such a promise."

"I shall not forget it, Valentine."

A few days after this interview, the unhappy girl, with her old grandfather, made preparations to leave the home of luxury, which they had occupied with so much pleasure for the last few months, with the intention of installing themselves again in their modest little cottage on the North Side of the city. When the hour for the final separation approached, the most painful task that Valentine had yet undertaken remained to be performed. The Count was very much dejected, for, in the departure of the sick girl, he saw no possibility of her recovery. If there was help for her, he alone of all her friends, with his wealth, was able to obtain it for her. She needed the watchful care of a mother, and immediate change of scene.

Unfortunately, Valentine was a girl of firmness, and had followed her first impulse, which was to fly from imaginary dangers to expose herself to real ones. The daughter of Dr. Stuart had been seriously disturbed, and, anxious for the safety of her friend, by what she had heard at the party of Mrs. Fisk, and, in repeating it to Valentine, the two had concluded that the best way of putting an end to these rumors was to avoid giving occasion for them, and that Valentine must leave the house as soon as possible, in order to avoid further scandal. They had not considered that calumny cannot be forestalled by even a careful avoidance of guilt; for the most innocent are often the greatest sufferers, but that in evil report we should endeavor to see that our acts do not justify the slander. What matters all the affirmations of the chronique scandaleuse when there is no foundation for the truth of his assertions? All the venomous tongues in the world can never make of an honest girl a bad woman, nor of an honest man a criminal. But no one has a right to challenge public opinion by unusual or eccentric conduct.

The two young girls were not aware, moreover, that the attacks upon Valentine's reputation were the result of a well-matured and preconcerted plan, and that no change of location or behavior would disarm the fiend whose weapon had pierced her heart, and which had already hastened on a disease which, but for her unhappiness, might never have made its appearance.

Grace had often thought of confiding all to her father and Benedict, as was her custom in every matter of importance, but the secret was not hers, and Valentine had requested her to mention the subject to no one. Had Grace acted upon this impulse, the old Doctor and the young painter would have merely shrugged their shoulders, and advised Valentine to remain where she was, where the presence of her father, and the countenance of these friends, whose opinions were of known stability, would constitute a sufficient guarantee for all respectable people.

As it was, Valentine's course, to the intimate friends of the Count, appeared ungrateful, and, therefore, the Count alone received all the sympathy, on the day of her departure, rather than the one who really deserved it.

Fred. Harper, who sat smoking his cigar, and drinking a glass of burgundy, said:

"Decidedly, my dear friend, you seem to have no luck in Chicago, and I half begin to regret ever having advised you to remain here. But in doing it, I had an eye to my own advantage, as you very well know that men are but a composition of selfishness and folly."

"In your remarks you show that you are a man of intellect and heart," said the Count, "but you have nothing with which to reproach yourself in your association with me. Had I met but yourself, Dr. Stuart, and Benedict in Chicago, I should not curse the star which conducted me hither."

Dr. Stuart and Benedict, who were also guests of the Count, assured him that they were happy at having made his acquaintance, and they fervently hoped their friendship was of a kind that would outlive separation and even absence.

"I am convinced," said the Count, "that it is with friendship as with love; when it no longer exists, it proves that the sentiment was never real."

"For this very reason," said Benedict, "I accuse both Valentine and Mrs. Grey of heartlessness. The friendship of the one was no deeper than the love of the other."

A cloud of sadness passed over the brow of the Count as he said:

"Be not too harsh in your judgment of Valentine, my dear Benedict. She belongs to that great privileged family of which you are a member, and, in addition, she, as Dr. Stuart will affirm, is rendered more capricious by disease which, in another nature, would be inexplicable, but with her, is not unnatural. Beside, there seems to be some concealed cause for her conduct which I have not sought to penetrate, and which I respect, and which justifies her course. At all events, I prefer to believe it is thus."

"That, indeed, is worthy of you," said Benedict.

"As for Mrs. Grey," said young Harper, "I took the liberty of telling her, last evening, that she was a coquette of the deepest dye."

"You have seen her then?" said the Count, calmly.

"Yes; at the theatre, where she seemed to be much amused at a most stupid performance."

"Alone?" added the Count.

"No; with Lydia, Professor Bitterman, and a gentleman whom I did not know, but who, from his appearance, I should judge, would not be a very formidable rival of yours in her affections."

"You are right in your conjecture that he cannot rival me in her affections. No one can do that, because between us there is nothing binding. Everything is at an end, irrevocably so, and unless—"

The Count paused, as if repenting of having said so much, and mechanically lighted his cigar.

"Unless—what?" inquired Harper, smiling.

"Nothing. And, if Mrs. Grey is so disposed, she can marry her new beau whenever she feels like it," said the Count, evidently annoyed.

"But I have not said it was her beau," exclaimed Harper.

"For my part," said Benedict, "I cannot believe that a woman of Mrs. Grey's intelligence and culture, after having received the attentions of a gentleman, is likely to be in haste for a successor."

"Oh, my dear artist," said the Count, laying his hand familiarly upon his shoulder, "your friendship and pity for me make you prejudiced in my favor. I am no longer of an age to be the hero of a novel; and, had I every quality to make me such, that would be no reason why I should be beloved by Mrs. Grey."

"But women," replied Benedict, "have the admiration for the good, the great and the beautiful more fully developed than men. Their ideal is an elevated one, and, therefore, it seems but natural that they should be attracted toward him who realizes their dream of love."

"That's true," said the Count; "but they are at the same time, susceptible, nervous and vacillating, and the stability of their affections are often dependent upon very futile and trifling causes."

"Do you know, Count, you seem remarkably dull to-night?" said Harper.

"My excuse is, that to-day I have borne a real affliction in the desertion of Valentine. I have indeed suffered. Happiness with me seems of but short duration, and I hope I may be excused for the indulgence in a little bitterness and moroseness after such an occasion. In regard to the plans I had formed in relation to Mrs. Grey, you are all familiar with them, and the sacrifice I made in abandoning them. As for Valentine, I have been more troubled by her rejection of my offer, since her health and comfort depended upon her acceptance."

"I suppose had she been strong and well you would probably have never thought of giving her a home," said Benedict.

"It is possible. At least the impression she would have made upon me would have been infinitely less. But, in seeing her so weak, so delicate, and so courageous and talented, and yet so uncertain of the future, the thought of aiding her seemed to have been put into my mind by my good genius, and I had adopted her into my very heart. I had a thousand plans for her future—to see her in her own country; to hear her admiration of the music of the old world; to watch her progress in study and her improvement in health; to administer to her vanity, if she had any, and, in short, to treat her as though she were my own. Instead of all this, she has left me suddenly, without an excuse and before she is sufficiently strong to bear the change. The most painful circumstance of the whole affair is, that no one dares tell her of the danger of her disease."

The friends of the Count all felt that what he had said was the truth, and in leaving him that evening, they had for him a more profound respect, and showed it more than they had ever done before.

Valentine, as well as she was able, had made her little cottage comfortable and pretty. Instead of carpets and lace curtains she had flowers and climbing vines, but there was one thing for which there was no substitute, and that was bread. She was too proud to accept charity. The Count and all of her friends were well aware of this. When she had left the luxurious home of her friend, and had settled again in her humble cottage, she had been full of the idea that with her lessons and her grandfather's position in the orchestra at Turner Hall, their income would be ample to supply all their needs. The true state of the affair was, however, that Mr. Duval, during his long absence, had lost his position; that the lessons did not come, and very soon the poor girl found that all the money they had had been spent.

To what pitiful straits, in order that the old musician should not suspect the emptiness of her purse, was Valentine forced, only those who have been similarly situated can imagine. All his little fancies were gratified, while she contented herself with bread and water. She walked long distances daily to obtain pupils, which were not to be had after her failure at the Opera House. She worked hard and late, copying music for the poorly-paid organist of a church on the West Side, from which pittance she was able to furnish the bare necessities of life. Such an existence may be continued a certain length of time, while youth and strength remain, and such a life is not unusual with artists; but poor Valentine was not able to bear up under it long in her then feeble state of health.

One day, having been compelled to take her bed from the fever brought on by exposure, Mr. Duval was forced to purchase the necessaries for their frugal breakfast. On his way home he had met a young girl seeking employment as housekeeper or nurse. She had an air of honest modesty and seemed delicate and in want of a home. The old musician was pleased with her modest appearance, and said to her: "Go up stairs, my girl. It is my daughter who sees to all that business, and, if she will hire you, I am sure I shall not object."

Upon the girl's entrance into the room, poor Valentine seemed startled at the handsome face of the child, for in reality the stranger seemed nothing more.

"It is very true," said she, "that I am in need of some one to assist me, but we can ill-afford to employ any one just now."

"Oh, if you will but try me. I know I can suit you. I can do all kinds of work."

Valentine scrutinized her features more closely, and thought them familiar. There was a vague recollection of having seen her before, but where or when she could not tell. At last she said,

"I am sure you would suit me, but—"

"Do not say no," said the girl timidly. There was something in her voice which could not be resisted, and Valentine felt bound to confess to her her true condition.

"My child," she said, with difficulty, "we are not rich. My illness prevents me from earning the money we need to live upon, and we cannot pay you much."

"If that is the only reason why I cannot stay, I will stay for nothing. I have nowhere to go. I am an orphan. I wish to get a place with good people. I can do your errands, and I should like to find some others to do beside yours."

"Well, if this is true, take off your hat and stay with me."

The pretty young girl at once went to work, and in all her movements there was such a grace and ease that it was pleasant to watch her. Valentine, who had followed her motions with an inquiring look, asked her her name.

"My name is Cora."

"Cora what?"

"Cora Fawn."

Rosa Bonheur and Her Family.

A foreign correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* writes:

I have just received a letter from America asking why Auguste Bonheur has been sent to Belle Isle. His sister, Mrs. Peyrol has called and given me the origin of the false report, which I hasten to contradict. Its appearance in the journals in England and America has caused the family much annoyance. Rosa has been all winter at her home near Fontainebleau. She makes studies constantly but finishes but few pictures. The competency she has acquired frees her from the necessity of painting to please anyone but herself. It is difficult to coax her to finish anything, consequently the prices are higher than ever.

Auguste, the eldest brother, lives near Versailles. He has never had anything to do with the Commune. His age and his residence away from Paris, excepted him from their exactions; his political opinions and his gentle disposition are utterly opposed to the violence of the party. He has much of his sister's talent—many artists prefer his works to hers; if she has more force, he has more poetry of character. His pictures bring high prices, but his present delicate health confines him to small canvass. He has taken all the medals at the Salon, and is decorated.

Juliette (Peyrol-Bonheur, she signs her pictures) is the third of this talented family. She began early to paint, and has succeeded well. She is married to Mr. Peyrol, and has a fine family of boys. Auguste says it has been hard for her to "hunt two hares at once." Were she a less devoted mother, she might have been a more famous painter; however, she does not seem very wretched about it. Her pictures are always well hung at the Salon and sell readily. All the family choose animals for their models.

Next in age comes Isidore, the sculptor. He has already won two medals at the Salon, and finished last year some colossal commands for Egypt. If riper years fulfil the promise of the young man, his path too will lead to wide-spread fame. I am sorry on the same page to tell of poor Germain, a half-brother, a pupil of Gerome at the Beaux Arts. Devotion to study has not entirely absorbed his youth; his pranks and his wanderings are better known than his pictures. He was a faithful soldier last fall, was taken a prisoner at Sedan, escaped and at last arrived in a sorry plight. This taste of military life was not enough. In Paris he heard the popular story—tyranny at Versailles was trying to crush liberty in Paris. He joined the Commune among its early friends, and persisted in going back to Paris to share its fate. "I am neither a liar nor a deserter," he said. On his way he was arrested with a passport of the Commune upon him. His family interceded for him, and now he has been released. If his past has caused regret, his future is full of hope.

Bill Wainwright's Adventure.

SCENE: *The verandah or porch of a country store.*

CHARACTERS: A Bummer. A Traveller. Clerk of the Store. Idlers of the Town.

Bummer. You fellers hev' bin tellin' some whappers, but none uv 'em ain't a patch to what happint to Bill Wainwright wunst, an' it's true, too.

Traveller (inquiringly). Ah?

Bummer. Bill was a private in the Fust Tennessee Ridgmint when they was in Mexico. One night he was on guard at a place whar his beat wasn't more'n twenty feet long, but was a most petikler post, on account it was at a ford whar the inimy mought surprise the hull army ef the sentry didn't keep his eye skinned.

Traveller (faintly interested). Yes?

Bummer. Well, Bill, he marched up and down, keeping a bright lookout, 'xspecially on the crick. All to wunst he seed suthin' comin' outen the water.

Traveller (more interested). Ha!

Bummer. He tuck a good, squar look, for he had strekt orders not to fire on no account unless the Mexicans war approachin'. The derned thing wabbled outen the water, an' then he seed it was a crowdin' big alligator, more'n fawty foot long.

Traveller (quite interested). Well?

Bummer. I tell yer he was in an awful fix. He dusn't fire, bekase the alligator wasn't one o' them yaller-bellied Mexicans; an' he dusn't run away and desart his post, bekase that was death by the artikles o' war. So all he could do was to jab the varmint with his bagnet. But, bless your soul, 'twa'n't o' no use!

Traveller (excited). No?

Bummer. No Sir! The cretur's hide was as thick an' hard as fawty sides o' sole leather, an' the bagnet busted in two. Then the alligator fetched him a wipe with his tail, an the fust thing he knowed he knowed nothin'. Jest then the relief come up, but it was too late. The alligator had swallowed Bill right down, an' the way they knowed it was him they seed the butt-end of Bill's muskit in the jaws of the animal as he dove into the drink.

Traveller. I don't doubt the story, but I wonder how you all know the particulars so well. Were you on the relief?

Bummer. No, I wasn't nuther.

Traveller. How did you learn all the facts?

Bummer. How did I larn the fax? Ef you'll stand the liquor, I'll tell yer.

Traveller. Certainly. Mr. Clerk, let this gentleman have a stiff horn, and I'll pay for it.

Bummer. Yere's yer good health, an' more like you to come to town frekwently! Well, stranger—ah! that's sarchin' liquor—well, yer see, the fact is—*I'm Bill Wainwright!*

A SISTER'S TRIBUTE.

Phoebe Cary's Sketch of the Life of Alice Cary.

Phoebe Cary herself is now lying at the point of death at Newport, and this fact will add to the painful interest with which the following extracts will be read from her tribute to her sister Alice, which appears in the current number of the *Ladies' Repository*:

In the southern part of the State of Ohio, about eight miles north of Cincinnati, on a picturesque and fertile farm, lying in the broad and beautiful lap of the Miami Valley—a farm which her father had lately reclaimed from the wilderness—Alice Cary was born on the 26th day of April, 1820.

She was the fourth of six daughters and of nine children, who made glad the hearts and homes of her parents, Robert and Elizabeth Cary. The house in which they lived at this time was a small, unpainted, wooden building, without the slightest pretensions to architectural beauty. It was one story and a half in height, the front looking toward the west, and separated from the high road by a narrow strip of door-yard grass. A low porch ran across the north of the house, and from the steps of this a path of blue flagstones led to a cool, unfailing well of water a few feet distant. Close to the walls on two sides, and almost pushing their strong, thrifty boughs through the little attic windows, flourished several apple and cherry trees; and a luxuriant sweet-briar, the only thing near that seemed designed solely for ornament, almost covered the other side of the house.

In the house where she was born, and in the midst of such peaceful, healthful, homely surroundings, Alice Cary passed the first 15 years of her life. And here, wandering much in field and wood, she acquired that strong love of nature, and that habit of studying the ways of birds and insects, which she retained so long as she lived.

A sister, her senior by two years, was during this time her inseparable companion. The elder was strong, self-reliant, and hopeful, the younger, weak, shrinking and dependent. They saw but few books or newspapers. On a small shelf of the cottage lay all the literary treasures of the family. These consisted of a Bible, hymn book, the History of the Jews, Lewis and Clark's Travels, Pope's Essays, and Charlotte Temple, a "romance founded on fact." There might have been one or two more, now forgotten, and there was, I know, a mutilated novel by an unknown hand, called the "Black Penitents," the mystery of whose fate (for the closing pages of the book were gone) was a life-long regret to Alice.

Yet with such ill-selected and scanty food for the mind, and early trained to be hopeful in a household where great needs and small resources left little time for anything but the stern, practical part of life, these children began very early to see visions and dream dreams.

Alice was neither unusually precocious nor noticeably peculiar. She was a shy, rather reticent child, who did her allotted tasks conscientiously, and enjoyed heartily her full share of play and fun. She was not quite so strong, however, as most of her brothers and sisters, and as they came from school at night she was often seen drooping a little behind the rest, with hand pressed upon her tired side, and with weary, downcast eyes.

Whenever the inseparable sisters could gain time for an idle afternoon in the woods, or when they went to bring the cows from the fields at night, or to gather the apples from the orchard or berries from the hedges, or while walking to and from the district school, the only one Alice ever attended, her elder sister would beguile the time by telling wonderful stories, the product of her unaided fancy, to her rapt and admiring listener, a single tale often requiring many days for its recital; and then Alice, modest and diffident before one whom she felt to be so much her superior, would sometimes venture to repeat her first rude attempts at rhyme.

In the autumn of 1832, by patient and self-sacrificing industry, the farm had been paid for, and a larger and more comfortable dwelling erected, and to this the yet unbroken family were now removed. The next year two of the daughters, one a little child, the other in the early dawn of womanhood, the pride and beauty of the household, were carried off by a malignant fever in the space of one month. This was Alice's first sorrow, and one from the effects of which she never entirely recovered; for the elder of these girls was her playmate and her more than sister.

Then came more sickness and sorrow. The mother, never strong, fell into a slow decline, and in less than two years died of consumption, the scourge of her family; so that at the age of 15 Alice was left motherless, and in one sense companionless, her yet living sisters being either too old or too young to fill the place left vacant in her life.

The only sins of writing of which she seems to have been guilty up to this time were occasional efforts to alter and improve the poetry in her school reader, and a few pages of original rhymes, which broke the monotony of her copy books. All ambition and all love of the pursuits of life seemed for a time to have died with her beloved sister. Her walks, which were now solitary, generally terminated at the little family-burial place, on a green hill that rose in sight of home.

About this time she began to think of writing for publication, and her first literary adventure appeared in the *Sentinel* (now *Star of the West*), published in Cincinnati. It was entitled "The Child of Sorrow," and was written in her 18th year. The *Star*, with the exception of an occasional contribution to some of the dailies of the same city, was for many years the only medium of publication.

After the establishment of the *National Era* at Washington, in 1847, she wrote poetry regularly for its columns; and here she first tried her hand at prose in a series of stories under a fictitious name, which are now, as in later years she earnestly desired them to be, quite forgotten. From Dr. Bailey, of the *Era*, she received the first money ever paid by her pen—$10 sent as a gratuity after she had written for him some months. She afterward made a regular engagement to furnish him with contributions to his paper for a small stipulated sum.

Meanwhile, she had for several years written poetry for *The Ladies' Repository*, of Boston, *The Ladies' Repository*, of Cincinnati, *Graham's Magazine*, and for various newspapers, both Eastern and Western. In 1850, through the instrumentality of Dr. Griswold, who found a publisher, a volume, entitled "Poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary," was issued by Moss & Brother, of Philadelphia. From the contents of this book, about two-thirds of which was furnished by the elder sister, and which was for the most part but the feeble echoes of well-known poets, or at best sentimental fancies of morbid plaints or sorrows more imaginary than real; the only article which Alice considered worthy of a place in a later collection, was her "Pictures of Memory," and this was rather because of the estimate placed upon it by others than of her own.

In the summer following, the sisters left their home for the first time, and visiting some of the Eastern cities saw a little of the world and of men and women who lived beyond the narrow boundaries of their Western hills. They had received occasional letters from editors and authors, among whom was the poet Whittier, whose friendship, surviving the chances and changes of a score of years has been one of the proudest pleasures of their lives; yet, up to this time, with the exception of Horace Greeley, who once visited their Western home, and, who afterward, in their new city in the East, became a frequent, highly valued, and ever honored guest, they had never until this time met with man or woman whose fame had reached them across the Alleghanies.

In the autumn they again returned to the West, and here, without advice or counsel of any but themselves, they resolved to come to New York, and, after the manner of children in the story books, "seek their fortune." Many sad and trying changes had come to the family, and home was not what is had been. They had comparative youth, though they were much older in years than in experience and knowledge of the world; they had pleasant visions of a home and fame that might be earned by literary labor; and so the next spring the bold venture was made.

Living in a very humble and economical way, writing for whatever papers would accept their contributions, and taking any remuneration that was offered, however small, they did, even from the first, somehow manage to live without debt and with little obligations.

In 1852, "Hagar," a novel which first appeared in the Cincinnati *Commercial*, was published by Redfield. Within the year the same house issued "Lyra and Other Poems," and the next year the first volume of "Clovernook," which was soon followed by the second. "Married, Not Mated," a novel, came from the press of Derby & Jackson, in 1856. "The Bishop's Son," first printed in the Springfield *Republican*, was published in 1869 by Carleton & Co. A collection of poems, handsomely illustrated, was brought out by Hurd & Houghton, in 1866, and "Pictures of Country Life," prose stories, in 1869, Ticknor & Fields published for her, in 1866, a volume entitled "Poems," and in 1868, her last collection, called "A Lover's Diary." She has left one completed novel in manuscript, and one half finished, whose course of publication was suspended by her illness; besides several shorter stories, and a large number of fugitive poems, a few of them not yet printed.

In person Alice was above the medium height, and well proportioned. She was slender in her youth, and had abundant, soft, brown, wavy hair. Her complexion was dark and her eyes of a deep, tender brown. Her lips were rather thin, her mouth firm, and her chin prominent, though not heavy. Her manner, which was one of quiet, modest dignity, indicated reserved power. She was very retiring in disposition, shrinking almost painfully from company, especially that of strangers; yet when people came to her, and the first feeling of timidity and discomfort was passed, she enjoyed most keenly the society of pleasant, cultivated people. She talked but little, placing a very low estimate upon her own conversational powers. Her affections were strong and unyielding, her affections were deep and steadfast, and her heart large enough, not only to hold the whole human race in its love, but all dumb and helpless creatures as well.

Her sense of justice might be called her distinguishing characteristic. While she hated with a perfect hatred every form of slavery, and all tyranny and opposition of which man is guilty toward his fellow, she had respect for the rights of the meanest creature that has power to breathe and suffer. Something of this feeling is expressed in these lines, taken from one of her shortest poems, entitled "Crags:"

> We cannot cramp ourselves, unharmed,
> In bonds of form, nor of creeds;
> The rights that rightfully belong
> To men are measured by his needs.
> The daisy is entitled to
> The nurture of the dew and light;
> The green house of the grasshopper
> Is his by Nature's sacred right.

Illness, or anything which enforced idleness, was painfully unwelcome to her, for she did not know how to rest, and all the time when she was not at work seemed to her as lost. She seldom left home merely for recreation, even during the heat of summer, and when she did she became restless in a few days, and longed to be at home "doing something."

She had for her literary works no fixed times nor rules. She simply used her mind and body unsparingly whenever she could compel them to obey her will. Always an invalid, and a light, uncertain sleeper, she often composed while lying awake in the night-time, and then rose early to fix her thoughts upon paper. She habitually retired early, especially in the summer time when she usually went with the last gleam of twilight, and she loved to lie awake at such times and talk over her work and her plans for the morrow.

The manual labor of writing was always tedious and difficult for her, and when head and hand were tired out she rested by applying herself to some more active and laborious household duty. She liked especially to set her own room in order.

Though singularly liberal and unsectarian in her views, she always preserved a strong attachment to the church of her parents, and in the main accepted its doctrines. Caring little for creeds and minor points, she most firmly believed in human brotherhood, as taught by Jesus; and in a God whose loving kindness is so deep and so unchangeable that there can never come a time, to even the vilest sinner, in all the ages of eternity, when, if he arise and go to Him, his Father will not see him afar off, and have compassion upon him. In this faith, which she has so often sung, she lived, and wrought, and hoped; and in this faith, which grew stronger, deeper, and more assured with years of trial and sorrow and sickness, she passed from death unto life.

Of her prose stories there were not more than six or eight of the shorter ones and none of the longer which pleased her at all. Some of them had been written when she was too young and unpracticed; all were done too hastily and with too little care. She hoped yet to do herself greater credit in works of fiction; and in "The Born Thrall," just begun, she would have put her deepest thought and maturest convictions. The story, which was to deal with the sorrows and wrongs of women, was a work dear to her heart, which was especially drawn out to her own sex. She sympathized deeply with all effort that had for its object the elevation and improvement of women; and though not connected with any of the movements or organizations designed for this purpose (excepting that she held for a short time the office of President of the first Woman's Club in New York), she was deeply interested in them all, and her lack of more active participation was partly on account of ill health, and partly because she felt that this was not her best way of working, and that what she did must be done in her own fashion and her own season.

If in her mortal life she ever felt any deeper and holier affection than that for her kindred, except in dreams of poesy, she rolled the stone over the mouth of its dead sepulchre and sealed it with everlasting silence. Among the things now hallowed by her use, there is not a single relic which could reveal such secret. Not a picture, not a written line, not even a withered flower, to say she had loved or been beloved. And so, knowing there was one chamber in her heart kept by her always as a safe and sacred sanctuary, mine is surely not the hand to lift from it now the solemn and eternal curtain of the past.

As Alice was very active in her habits, especially fond of outdoor exercise, and little inclined to ask of others any service which she could perform for herself, the disease which for the last 18 months of her life did not allow her to walk, was peculiarly trying to her. But though necessarily obliged to forego many of her accustomed tasks, she did what she could. Suffering in body all that it seemed possible for mortality to suffer and yet survive, and, from the condition of her nerves, such mental torture, such fear of shapeless and nameless terrors as few souls, let us hope, are ever called upon to endure; loathing food, and unable to sleep except for short and uncertain periods, which were haunted by dreams more frightful than those of her waking hours,—she still worked, whenever it was possible for her to compel her mind to do her bidding.

At the beginning of each month she had been accustomed for some time to furnishing a poem to one of our city papers. On the first of that month, of which she never saw the ending, she was unable to write or even to dictate. A whole week had gone by, when, speaking suddenly one day, with something of the old energy, she asked to be placed in her chair, and to have her portfolio, saying, "that article must be ready to-day." She was helped from the bed as she desired, and, though unable to sit up without being carefully supported, she completed the task to which she had set herself. The last stanza she wrote read thus:

> As the poor panting heart to the water-brook runs,
> As the water-brook runs to the sea,
> So earth's fainting daughters and famishing sons
> O Fountain of Love, run to Thee!

The writing is trembling and uncertain, and the pen literally fell from her hand; for the long shadows of eternity were stealing over her, and she was very near the place where it is too dark for mortal eyes to see, and where there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge.

Writing under great embarrassment, as I necessarily must, I have not perhaps said the wisest things of her, nor given the best examples of her poetry, and even if I had done so, not by this could you fairly judge the woman. For her plans and desires were so much greater than her performance, and her life so much better than her words, that those who did not know her here can never now know her at all.

Whatever she has done, was written under the pressure of necessity; with all the hampering and insurmountable disadvantages that come from lack of early education and the want of systematic training, and often amidst great bodily and mental suffering. For constituted as she was, it was not possible for her to forbear taking upon herself not only all the sorrows of her friends, but in some sense the tribulation and anguish that cometh upon every son and daughter of Adam. Yet she was even unto the end planning great projects for the benefit of suffering humanity, and working with her might to be helpful to those near her; and that when it seemed impossible that one suffering such manifold afflictions could think of the needs of others.

Life was to Alice Carey no holiday, and though her skies had gracious hours of sunshine, they had also many dark and heavy clouds, and going back in memory now I cannot recall a time when looking upon her face, even during the deepest slumber she ever knew I could not see there the sad character of weariness and pain; until I beheld her at last resting from her labors in that sweet untroubled sleep which God giveth his beloved.

FASHIONABLE FOLLIES.

How Our Ancestors Were Subject to Them.

From Appleton's Journal.

We mentioned, a few weeks since, that those people who denounce so vividly the fashionable dress of the day are not quite sound in holding up for emulation the supposed simplicity of adornment exhibited by our grandmothers. That the Puritan women of New England were of simple habit is true, but in fashionable circles here as well as in England there was an elaboration of dress and excess of ornament which the present generation has not advanced upon. We invited, in our previous comments, attention to any gallery of old portraits, and to Mr. Griswold's description of manners in the "Republican Court." We have now at hand Mr. Forsyth's "Novels and Novelists of the Eighteenth Century," which, if presenting no new facts in this matter, yet conveniently groups the testimony for our purpose. He tells us that, "at the beginning of the last century, the fashionable head-dress was the *commode*, or *frontage*, by which the hair was piled up on wires to a prodigious height. Then there came a sudden fall, so that women who were more than seven feet high were reduced to five." In Smollett's novel of "Humphrey Clinker," Lydia Medford describes her preparations for an assembly. "I was not six hours," says she, "in the hands of the hair-dresser, who stuffed my head with as much black wool as would have made a quilted petticoat, and, after all, it was the smallest head in the assembly." In Miss Burney's "Evelina," the heroine says: "I have just had my hair dressed. You cannot think how oddly my head feels; full of powder and black pins, and a great cushion on top of it. * * * When I shall be able to make use of a comb for myself I cannot tell, for my hair is so much entangled—frizzed they call it—that I fear it will be very difficult." One would almost affirm that this must refer to a young lady of this present year of grace, and not to one of a hundred years ago. At about this period the petticoats of the ladies were of so monstrous and extravagant a size as to become favorite subjects of satire and caricature. We learn from one writer that "the fashionable hoops were made from the richest damask, with gold and silver, four guineas a hoop. There is in the *Tatler*, a paper which gives an account of a mock trial of a pretty young woman for wearing a monstrous petticoat, which, when taken off, the Judge ordered to be drawn up by a pulley, and it formed "a very vast and splendid canopy, and covered the whole court of judicature with a silken rotunda, in its form not unlike the cupola of St. Paul's." In addition to this evidence, we have that of Goldsmith, who says: "Our ladies seem to have no other standard for grace but the run of the town. If Fashion gives the word, every distinction of beauty, complexion, or stature ceases. Sweeping trains, Prussian bonnets, and trollopees as like each other as if cut from the same piece, level all to one standard." Our ancestors seemed no more inclined to individuality of taste or judgment than we are. As to simplicity of dress, Mr. Forsyth relates in his entertaining volume one instance, which, however, was more startling than admirable. At a masquerade in 1740, then a favorite form of public amusements, one of the maids of honor to the Princess of Wales appeared in the character of Iphigenia ready for sacrifice, in a close dress of flesh colored silk. But this lady went too far, and was rebuked by the Princess, who threw her own veil over her.

An English View of American Newspapers.

A writer in the July number of *Cassell's Magazine* is facetious over some of the peculiarities of American journalism. He says "an American paper is never slow, though it may have a hundred other imperfections. You cannot go to sleep over it. It almost poetizes its quotations of stocks, and turns its advertisements into conundrums, lest matter should want the charm of manner. It does not believe in a simple, natural form of statement which allows facts to speak for themselves. Its sub-editors toil through their columns of copy, and break them up into dainty, if indigestible morsels, by printing every striking, startling phase in a line of its own. Its descriptive articles are prefaced by half a column of index, in the largest type, in which the whole force and spirit of what is to follow are presented to the eye at a glance. Read its headlines alone, and in five minutes you make yourself master of its contents. It is eminently the journal of a nation of business men, who are willing to be amused, but do not care to be instructed, and who want to travel through even their amusements at railroad speed.

He adds:

The sub-headings of the correspondence from the battle-fields read like the anticipatory announcements in an English pantomime bill. "Gross-Herzog Mecklenburg says he has won a victory near Pithiviers," is the New York *World's* way of summarising a German despatch. "England asked by Prussia to behave better; she says she won't," is the same journal's announcement of the substance of the late diplomatic notes. A single week's issue would furnish abundant examples of the strange jocularity or flippancy of tone, in reference to every event. In journals lying before us, and taken from a pile at random, Confucius is called "The Great Coolie." The marriage of Miss Motley to a Briton" is termed her father's "Most Important Diplomatic Negotiation." "Bismark, the Bad Bat of Europe," heads a column of diplomatic gossip, while "Von der Tann Sent Whirling Out of Orleans," is a summary title for a piece of military news. A report of a speech by one of the leading statesmen of the country is headed "Sumner's Salve—Lecture by the Great Panjandrum of Pator at Steinway Hall." The following speak for themselves: "England Uneasy; She Thinks Von Bismarck Only Snuffles to Borrow Money." "King William Forms an Alliance with the Ghosts"—that is to say, has interviews with the spiritualist Hume. * * * The most astounding thing is that the men bear no sort of personal identity with their work. You would imagine them to be revolver-carrying, knife-brandishing desperadoes, ready to act as recklessly as they write wildly; but in truth they are like other educated Americans—and they are educated Americans—very polished, amiable and mild, and of a quite seductive courteousness. Their literary manner is with them an artificial one; they regard their labors from a purely professional point of view, as legal advocates are taught to do. A certain style of speaking wins causes—that style is cultivated, a certain style of writing gains political partisans—that style is cultivated too. The American public will not be bored with a public topic; its newspaper writers, therefore, never dare to be dull, whatever other liberties they may allow themselves. The key to the production of all we have read will be found, not in a contempt for the canons of good taste among journalists, but in the ignorance of these canons among readers, whom it is the supposed duty of writers to please. Somewhat for the peculiarities of an American journal.

A COUNTRY WITHOUT WOMEN.

Some Particulars of the Singular Spot—The Paradise of the Monster Man.

E. S. Dodge in the Boston Congregationalist.

As far as information extends there is only one territory of any size, and never has been but one, occupied by any considerable population, from which woman is absolutely excluded. A description of this singular spot, known topographically these 3,000 years, but the social peculiarity of which, though dating back many centuries, seems never to have been noticed before the Simonides MSS controversy of 1863-4, may be readily given.

The highest promontory between Cape Race and Brazil is Mount Desert, on the coast of Maine. Suppose this bluff to stretch some forty miles into the Atlantic Ocean, varying in its midst from two to nine miles across, and reaching, at its extremity, an altitude of 6,000 feet above the waters—to be attached to the coast by a low and narrow isthmus—and to be clothed throughout with a woodland that was gay with flowers, rich with odors, merry with song-birds, and canopied by the brightest of all blue skies, and the reader will have before his mind's eye a general outline of the womanless locality as far as relates to its natural features. The sons of Eve are there, but none of the daughters. To all females it has been, so far back as history reaches, forbidden ground. Lest they should attempt to intrude, influenced by the curiosity attributed by common fame to their primal mother, a guard is stationed to keep them out. So well is watch and ward maintained, that to some of the inhabitants who migrated thither in early childhood the idea of woman, whether as mother, sister, or wife, is almost lost.

Reference is here made to the easternmost of the three tongues of land which project from the north coast of the Greek Archipelago. It is the old peninsula of Acte—now called Monte Sancto—of which Mount Athos forms the terminating point—a conical mass of limestone shooting up abruptly to the height of 6,350 feet with its base clothed with pines, and its bare peak lighted by sunbeams. It has been for ages an object of admiration to mariners. From its chapel on the top, visited only on the 6th of August every year by monks to say mass, the Thessalian shores, penetrated by clear blue waters, the Macedonian summits, and Pelion, Ossa, and Olympus may be seen. In the days of inexpert navigation its neighborhood was greatly dreaded. Xerxes, to avoid rounding the seas around its base, cut a canal across the peninsula. Greek pilots put far out to sea in old days to shun its dangers. And even modern navigation, with the advantages of steam, gives a wide berth to its uncertain waters.

Between this bold headland and the coast, occupying a plateau of moderate elevation, where cultivated fields are diversified with woodlands of chestnuts and oaks, and big trees and olives are indigenous, dwells a monastic confederation of Greek Christians. They have twenty-three convents, and number in all something more than 7,000 souls. On the hillsides and all through the defiles and ravines are scattered innumerable crosses and retreats, cells and hermitages. Though these conventual houses are bound together by the tie of religious seclusion the history of each is independent. Two of the monasteries claim Constantine as their founder; two others the Empress Pulcheria. Not one of the twenty-three dates its foundation later than the twelfth century. Their fraternities had the prudence to submit to Mohammed II. prior to the fall of Constantinople, and received from him a promise of protection, which has been respected ever since. Though the domain is part of the Turkish empire not a rood of it is claimed in property by the Sultan, or a Mussulman subject. An annual tribute of about $7,500 is paid by the whole peninsula, toward which the different societies contribute their share according to an assessment determined by their representatives. Each convent sends a deputy to a diet which manages general interests, and holds its sittings at Karyes, a small town occupied by carvers of crosses, and the residence of a solitary Turkish official who collects the revenue.

At the entrance of the peninsula, a few soldiers in the pay of the monastic bodies are stationed, for the purpose of excluding intruders. No woman—*in esse vel posse*—is allowed to cross the frontier. The prohibition is of long standing, originated partly by superstition and partly for the better maintenance of ascetic discipline. Absurdly enough the rule is extended to every other female creature. Hence, from time immemorial, no cow, mare, hen, duck, goose, slut, or she-cat has ever been permitted to make acquaintance with hill or valley, farm yard or kitchen of Mt. Athos territory. But, despite all this, hares will pair, and birds mate, and every traveller who has passed a night under the hospitable roof of any one of the score of convents knows that both the King and Queen of Fleas keep their court there and reign over legions of subjects. But in their purchases of poultry to fatten, or dogs for the chase, or horses for riding, the monks choose males only. Of course there is no milk on the peninsula. If she-cats are not tolerated, tom-cats are in great favor.

Up to 1863 few Europeans had ever visited these monasteries. Since then not a few scholars, tempted by suggestions about ancient papyri which the *Codex Sinaiticus* controversy provoked, have every year been exploring the old libraries and turning over the musty MSS. The way is now plain enough, and a proper letter of recommendation unlocks all the secrets of the ancient houses. But in 1837, when Curzon, an eminent paragraphist, presented to the Patriarch at Constantinople a letter of introduction from Dr. Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, the long bearded dignitary gave the desired patriarchal sheet to the English traveller. It acted as a talisman. The monastic authorities of Mt. Athos paid him every attention. He visited the libraries and explored the MSS.—said masses and ate at the ordinary—lived in a cell and did penance on the mountain—became in fact so much one of the community as to gain a tolerable insight into their law of life. A monk who was his daily companion told him his story. He came from a village in Roumelia, but did not remember its name. His parents had been massacred, and he put to a conventual school. He had never left the peninsula. His mother he did not recollect. A woman he had never seen, and his only notion of the phenomenon was put together by fancy and by hearsay. Another monk startled him by asking, "What sort of human creatures are women?" He had seen his mother only, and had forgotten even her appearance, having been a recluse ever since he was four years old. An amusing incident occurred during Mr. Curzon's stay in the house of the Turkish collector at Karyes. One morning a cat with two kittens entered the room.

"Ah!" said the traveler, "how is this? Why, this is a cat feminine. What business has she on Mount Athos?"

"Hush," replied the host with a solemn grin. "Do not speak of it. Yes it is a she cat; I brought her from Stamboul. But do not tell it or they will take her away. It reminds me of my home, where my wife and children are living far away."

Several of the monasteries are very picturesquely situated, perched on high cliffs of difficult access. Builded in turbulent times, when attacks from banditti and pirates might not be improbable, they are, in fact, fortresses with massive walls. The offices within include granary, mill, bake house, kitchen, workshop, and infirmary. Recruited entirely from the outward world, the inmates are natives of every part of the Turkish Empire where the Greek language is spoken, though chiefly Greeks in blood and speech from Roumelia. As there is no unappropriated ground, every new comer has to seek admission into one of the existing societies. To obtain this he must devote his time and labor to the common service—till the land, tend the vines, help in the housework, or engage in some handicraft. For three years he is a probationer; then, if he has proved able to keep the monastic vows, he receives his first tonsure and becomes a monk. The discipline is severe, ordinary church services seven hours a day, extraordinary fourteen, sleep five hours, food poor in quality and meagre in quantity. The monks profess never to taste meat, but how this is to be reconciled with what is brought from the mainland every week for sales at Karyes, I do not know. One hundred and fifty-nine days in the year they have one meal only a day, and at this eggs, cheese, fish, wine and oil are forbidden.

In some of the establishments a candidate is admitted upon the payment of 5,000 piastres, ($225) and he becomes a *caloyer*—gentle monk—being exempt from servile labor and excessive devotion. For this money he obtains a cell in perpetuity and the usual daily allowance of bread and wine; but additional fare he must provide for himself. The *caloyer* neither eats in the refectory nor necessarily performs his vows in the chapel; he may go and come as he pleases, and he is at liberty to possess money and make what use of it he thinks best. Few of these gentle monks care to take orders.

Of the libraries belonging to the monasteries of Mt. Athos, there is little to be said here. All taken in gross, they probably contain less than 30,000 volumes. Most of these are valueless, being either mere books of rules and ascetic devotions, or the old wives' fables of the middle ages. Parchments of 700 years old are not uncommon, but so thorough have been recent explorations by English and German scholars that it is almost certain nothing more valuable will turn up.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

July 30—Eighth Sunday after Trinity (Epis.); Ninth Sunday after Pentecost (R. C.)
July 31—St. Ignatius, Bishop and Confessor (R. C.)
August 1—St. Peter in chains (R. C.)
August 2—St. Alphonsus Liguori, Bishop and Confessor (R. C.)
August 3—Finding Body of St. Stephen, Protomartyr (R. C.)
August 4—St. Dominic, Confessor (R. C.)
August 5—St. Mary ad Nives (R. C.); St. Xystus and comp., martyrs (R. C.)

—Mr. Henry W. Peek, M. P., has offered prizes of $2,000, $1,000, and $500 for original treatises in favor of the maintenance of the Church of England as an established church.

—The gown which the Archbishop of Paris wore at his execution is to be cut into small pieces, as relics to be used by the Paris clergy.

—The Lord Mayor of London gave a dinner to the Bishops on July 5. The Archbishop of Armagh, speaking for the Archbishops and Bishops, said that the Irish Church had now thrown itself entirely on its people. Its constitution was based on universal suffrage; every communicant in it was called upon to take part in rebuilding the Church, and the call had met with a very hearty response.

—Monseigneur Dupanloup, anti-Infallibilist, was offered the See of Paris, but peremptorily declined, whereupon Monseigneur de Guibut, Archbishop of Tours, received the appointment. Archbishop Guibut was the strongest adherent of the Pope in the recent Council, and vehemently attacked both Dupanloup and Strossmayer in and out of the Council. He is chiefly known, however, for a famous controversy with Mme. George Sand, while she lived in the Diocese of Tours, in which the learned prelate was unmistakably worsted by the brilliant novelist.

—The Rev. C. R. Doggett, of Cambridge, Maine, baptized two candidates on a recent Sabbath, and received them into the church as communicants, and before they left the altar was joined in marriage to one of them.

—A Lombard telegram sets forth that the Professors of the Munich University have resolved to elect Dr. Von Dollinger Rector Magnificus for the coming year; it being the turn of the Theological Faculty. The election is of marked importance, as the three hundredth anniversary of the University will be celebrated with particular splendor during the period of office. It is considered doubtful whether the government will confirm the election. Professor Messner has been excommunicated for administering the sacrament to the dying Priest Zenger, excommunicated for his denial of the infallibility dogma.

—The Monongahela Presbytery of the United Presbyterian Church, at its recent session, passed a resolution expressing a decided disapprobation of the practice of reading sermons as a substitute for obedience to the command "Go preach the gospel."

—Upwards of two thousand, of the clergy of the Irish Church have elected to accept a commutation of their incomes.

—On Saturday evening a sensation was created in the Presbyterian Church at Springfield, Long Island. Two young men sat in a pew with a young lady between them. Their conduct attracted such marked attention as to disturb the minister, who was preaching on the casting out of devils. The sexton advanced to the seat and discovered that the young lady had her dress drawn down tightly across her knees, and on it the young men were having an enjoyable game of euchre. They were forced to make a hasty exit. The indignation of the people is aroused, and there is talk of having them arrested.

—English Universities are now thrown open to all. It is no longer indispensable that a student join the Church of England to gain its honors; and for the first time since their institution, the degree of Master of Arts has just been conferred upon a Roman Catholic and a Jew. Another step in the same direction has been taken in the unsectarianising of one of the great public schools—that of Harrow. The House of Commons, by a majority of 99 to 71, has just decided that the members of the governing body of the school need not be members of the Established Church.

—The Roman Catholics of Ireland now scarcely exceed four millions, while the Episcopalians and the Presbyterians reckon a million and a quarter of adherents. Other denominations are quite insignificant. Thus there are but 41,000 Methodists of all sorts, and only about 4,500 Independents, with a like number of Baptists, in all Ireland.

—It is reported that according to the last report of the Holy Synod at St. Petersburg, a special commission is to be formed "in order to examine the proposals made by certain members of the English Church to be admitted into the orthodox religion." It is stated that 123 Englishmen have expressed a desire to enter the Russian Church.

—There is a colored woman preaching in South Carolina who during the past five years has raised money sufficient to build two large churches and establish three Sunday schools. The local papers state that she is an eloquent speaker.

—We compare 1830 with 1870. In 1837 a total of 337 Protestant missionaries had gone from Europe and America. In 1870 a total of 1,949 were at work in the fields. To these should now be added 11,000 native preachers and teachers, converted, trained, and rendering most effective service.

—Dr. Todd recently preached a sermon on the dignity of labor from the text, "Moreover his mother made him a little coat."

—A Minnesota correspondent of the *Churchman* has heard that the Bishop of Minnesota having declined the episcopate of the Sandwich Islands, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester have renewed the offer of the episcopate of those islands in a new form. It is that he assume the jurisdiction there, and spend his winter months there, employing his time in his own diocese during the summer. This correspondent adds this story: "It is said that an enthusiastic English clergyman recently wrote to Emmegahbowh, the Indian deacon, to know what salary could be paid him to come over here and become assistant to him. Emmegahbowh replied: 'Only rice and potatoes, and not always enough of that.' It is strange to say that the English man has not yet reported for duty!"

—The address of Bishop Clark to the Convention of Rhode Island contains the following statement: "Six notices of deposition from the Episcopal ministry have been received—F. Bylesby, O. B. Thayer, F. R. Girard, J. F. Roberts, W. H. Cooper, and Charles E. Cheney."

Bishop Keener thinks that the new Southern Methodist Gothic church in St. Louis "is the grandest free-seat church on the continent." It cost $125,000, and the debt was cancelled on the day of the dedication. Its spire is 200 feet high; the audience room is 108 feet long by 60 feet wide in the clear, with galleries on three sides.

—It is said that Queen Victoria has given orders that the pulpit sand-glass, which indicates the length of time allowed for the sermon, in the Royal Chapel, shall be measured for 20 minutes only, instead of an hour.

—At the recent meeting of the General Synod of the Reformed (Dutch) Church, it was resolved to raise, during the coming year, a fund of $1,000,000, independent of the ordinary contributions to Church Boards, as a mark of gratitude to God for the preservation of the Church on this continent for a period of two hundred and fifty years, and by way of celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the convention of ministers and elders of that Church, held in the city of New York in 1771, from which the origin of the General Synod is dated.

—Miss Georgia Benedict, of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, has been licensed as a preacher in the Methodist Church.

—The Bishop of Michigan, at the late Episcopal Diocesan Convention, expressed a decided opposition to the proposed new revision of the Bible by a portion of the English clergy, against a revision of the Prayer-book, and against quartette choirs and operatic church music.

—Dr. Burt, writing from Switzerland, says that the Church services are held at 9 o'clock in the morning and 2 in the afternoon, the men and women sitting apart. When the preacher is announcing his text the men stand up, and the women bow toward the minister at the conclusion of his sermon. The pews are uncushioned and unpainted, and, although the sermons are much longer than in this country, the people sit bolt upright and listen carefully from the beginning to the end.

—Father Hyacinthe thinks that history will only ... Ecumenical Council of last ... ambuscade and a pot... "We think the Protestant ... more and more to the cond... churches ought to be and m... hired over the exception."

—The telegraph messenger boys of London made a Church parade on July 2, for the purpose of attending a special service at Westminster Abbey. About 700 boys assembled at 8 a. m. in St. Martin's Churchyard, Charing Cross, arriving in companies under the command of their respective Superintendents from the District Offices. They were then formed into a battalion, and with a band of music marched to Westminster Abbey, where an appropriate sermon was preached by the Dean, Rev. Arthur P. Stanley. The subject was the early history of the Prophet Samuel. The appearance and behavior of the boys, it is stated, were highly satisfactory, and gave strong proof of the excellent discipline of the Postal Telegraph Department.

—During one of the visitations of Bishop Talbot in Nebraska, he had occasion, as Bishops and ministers often have in new and sparsely-settled Territories, to hold service in a log school-house, in Richardson County, for the pioneers. In the course of the service he gave out a hymn, read it through, and as there was no one present to "raise the tune," commenced the singing himself. Finding that he was executing a solo, he omitted the second verse, and passed on to the last. One of the pioneers noticed this nefarious proceeding, and, not being willing to submit to it, jumped up and shouted, "Hello, mister! you've skipped!" The fact was patent. The Bishop sang the missing verse; and, as he has a magnificent voice, the pioneer was clearly justifiable in demanding the execution of the whole programme.

—The following extract from a lithographed circular issued by the Constituent Congress of the A. and I. C. M. S. A. explains the whole mystery: "The committee appointed to audit the accounts of Rev. Dr. Cather, in originating the association in this country, unanimously resolved in favor of allowing the travelling and other expenses incurred by him in the course of his ten months of labor, amounting to $2,000, and also of suitably compensating him for the same at the rate of $2,500 per annum, making, with the allowance of some small receipts from England, a gross expenditure of just $4,000. The funds in the hands of the Treasurer, from subscriptions already received, are exhausted in meeting these indispensable payments, leaving a balance due him of nearly $1,000. In order to cancel this balance the subscribers are earnestly requested to make immediate payment to the Treasurer."

—The Toronto *Leader* attacks the English Church establishment with the following narration: "As another 'offensive' picture we narrate what has been told us by a gentleman of the highest character in this city. He states that when he was 'confirmed' in the State Church of England, the churchwardens got dead drunk, the parson was 'tight,' and not a few of the candidates were affected by drink. We ourselves know of the case of a well-known vicar, who, at a confirmation, was wheeled in a wagon, dead drunk, from the inn of the town to the church gates and back, a crowd of churchwardens and young churchmen looking on. Near where these brutal scenes have just occurred, there is a village of which the rector is also elected. He has $5,000 per annum, lives several miles away from the place, rides in weekly to preach, lunches in the vestry, and drives home until the next Sunday. He never visits the flock, keeps no curate, and draws his $1,000 clear pay per annum for two shabby services held between 11 a. m. and 4 p. m. each Sunday! That man is a tremendous State-Churchman, and an evangelical of the 'purest water.'"

—A convention of the religious organizations known among the Methodists as "praying bands" was held at Trinity M. E. Church, East Cambridge, Mass., a few days ago. About twenty of the bands were present, two of them being composed of ladies. The exercises throughout the day were interesting. The evening session began with a spirited praise-meeting, in the double sense, by song and narrative, followed by a prayer-meeting of great earnestness and power, during which a poor inebriate, who had made his way into the meeting, and who was palpably under the influence of liquor, arose and asked the prayers of the audience, and he had them with a will; for the members of the convention fell to praying for and exhorting him in good earnest, to such an extent that the fast-sobering man was evidently taken not a little by surprise at the cordiality and heartiness with which his request had been received, and himself too, with open arms. He fairly broke down with weeping, and ere the service ended he spoke of his determination to lead a new life, giving his name as "Jack Riley," and known in East Cambridge as a most reckless man, and professed to have found the Savior.

—The great revival in the Established Church at Newport, Monmouthshire, England, is still in progress. The following interesting sketch is taken from a newspaper of the town: "For six days religious services have again been conducted at St. Paul's at noon, and at night by the Rev. R. Aitken and two of his sons. On Sunday services were held at the usual hours. Thousands attended day after day, and have been eager in their attendance—so eager that in some cases hundreds have failed to gain admission to the church. Of the revival services held at St. Paul's we may say they have been characterized by intense earnestness, solemnity, broad catholicity, no restrictions of sect or party having intervened to mar the progress of the movement. One Savior, one common salvation, full and free for all, has been the grand doctrine proclaimed by the patriarchal minister, his sons, and the worthy vicar, who have conducted the services. Members of the Established Church, Wesleyans, Independents, Baptists, Reform and Primitive Methodists, Bible Christians, Brethren, and other sections of the Christian Church, have one and all united heartily and zealously to beseech Almighty God to pour out his Holy Spirit on the unconverted; and he has done so."

TIT-BITS.

Of the 1,001 young ladies who fainted last year, 998 fell in the arms of gentlemen, two fell on the floor, and one into a water-butt.

—A Minnesota juror addressed a note to the Judge, in which he styled him as "Onarable Jug."

—When a Boston girl quarrels with her lover, she communicates the important fact to her friends in the remark that she isn't "on squeezing terms with that fraud any more."

—What is the difference between a spendthrift and a feather bed? One is hard up, and the other is soft down.

—If a man gets up when the day breaks, can he be said to have the whole day before him?

—Two twin brothers are said to be so much alike that they frequently borrow money from each other without knowing it.

—A trunk factory out West was lately superseded by a saloon. The old sign (it is reported) was retained by the new proprietor, who economically changed the T. to D.

—Saxe says that Vermont is famous for four staples, "men, women, maple sugar, and horses. The first are strong, the last are fleet, the second and third are exceedingly sweet, and all are uncommonly hard to beat."

—"Corn bread?" said an Irish waiter; "we haven't got it; an' isn't it corn bafe you mane?"

—Washington Irving once alluded to a man of superior pomposity as "a great man, and, in his own estimation, a man of great weight. When he goes to the West, he thinks the East tips up."

—One of the persons who passes the season at Newport has named his cottage the "Chateau-Sur-Mer." He thinks the translation of this is "Residence for the Summer."

—A crusty old bachelor says that "love is a wretched business, consisting of a little sighing, a little dying, and a deal of lying."

—Why should young ladies set good examples? Because young men are so apt to follow them.

—The other day, at Saratoga, John G. Saxe was leaning over the railing of the grand stand. "You look like the monarch of all you survey," said Fernando Wood, patting him on the back. "No, I only have a *lean on the property*," replied the genial Saxe.

—Titusvillians express value in terms of oil barrels. Thus they speak of a fashionable young lady as wearing an eighty-six-barrel opera suit.

—"Paddy, my boy," said a gentleman to an Irishman, whom he observed fishing away at a deep pool, "that must be a favorite stream for trout." "Faith, an' sure it must be that same, for I have been standin' here this three hours, and not one of 'em will come out of it."

—Two Yale juniors, intently occupied in cramming ... literature: "Junior—Chum, who wrote 'Blessed are the meek?' ... Junior, pensively—'I haven't got that far yet, but I believe it was Denham.'"

—The *frightful* prominence of the New York *World* must look to his laurels. ... New York *Globe* remarks—"Dana, of the Sun, seems determined to take advantage of every pretext to give Grant a dressing. Let him beware—The way of the Grant's-dresser is hard."

—A farmer who went to Texas to buy a farm was greatly prejudiced against the county he thought to settle in, from the fact that a doctor whom he called to attend him, when he was seized with a fever, began trying on his clothes immediately after writing a prescription. The fact that, while the doctor was trying on his coat, the chambermaid was examining his handkerchiefs and the landlady was struggling with his boots, lent wings to his imagination and doubtless had a ... influence in regard to his speedy exit from the State.

—In the "Life of Bunham," an amusing anecdote is told of King, the actor, who met a friend whose name he had forgotten, and took him home to dinner. After several attempts to find out his name, King said: "My friend and I have had a dispute as to how you spell your name; indeed, we have laid a bottle of wine about it." "Oh! with two p's," was the answer.

—It has been decided by medical authorities that "if a man has a good appetite, sleeps well, and feels buoyant in spirits after his meals, he should let his health alone, whether he is as big as a hogshead or as thin and dry as a fence rail."

—An apothecary originally carried his medicines about in jars—he was a pot-carrier—thence the word a-pot-he-carrie.

—In illustrating the fruits of advertising, an exchange says: "A family in Florida lost their little boy, and advertised for him in a daily paper. That very afternoon an alligator crawled up out of the swamp and died on the front door step. In his stomach was found a handful of red hair, some bone buttons, a pair of boot heels, a glass alley, a pair of check pants, and a paper collar. The advertisement did it."

—The physicians of Selma, Alabama, have made out a "black list," in which all persons who have failed to pay for being physicked are set down as "incorrigible sinners, who will be left in their next sickness to go to the devil in their own way." The arrangement is said to be very satisfactory to both physicians and citizens; the former will be saved a great deal of annoyance in trying to collect worthless bills, and many a poor cuss among the latter will be enabled to live out the term of his natural life.

—A lady writes to know if it is proper—that is, if it is ladylike—to retaliate by squeezing back when a man squeezes her hand. Mr. Editor answers: "Well, you might squeeze easy, just enough to let him know that you are not disposed to be mean about it. But don't turn round and ask him, 'How is that for high?' or he might think you too forward."

—A professor in a certain college had taken his class out, on a pleasant afternoon, to exercise them in practical surveying. The next morning they were to be examined on the same. The first man was called up. Said the professor: "How would you go to work to survey a lot of land?" (Deep thinking, but no answer.) "If a man should come to you to get you to survey a lot of land, what would you do?" "I think," said the student, thoughtfully, "I should tell him he had better get somebody else."

—A wealthy gentleman, who owns a country seat, nearly lost his wife, who fell into the river which flows through his estate. He announced the narrow escape to his friends, expecting their congratulations. One of them, an old bachelor, wrote as follows: "I always told you that river was too shallow."

—Another wife has poisoned her husband. The salutation among wives has become, "How are you my dear? Where do you buy your poison?"

—The tendency to get very similar names of places mixed up is so great that it is said of a worthy deacon praying for blessings on his favorite locality, that he cautiously added: "Not Reading-wood End, O Lord, but South Reading!"

—A country newspaper, which recently spoke of "buttered thunder," and was asked by a contemporary if that had any affinity to "greased lightning," manifested some anger in explaining that "muttered thunder" was what was intended.

—The following paragraph shows some of the new words that have been coined by the modern school of journalists: "He excurted a day or two on beer, and, getting short, he burgled a little. But he was soon copped and jailed. The news was immediately wired to his amiable wife, who relied ... him at once."

—That Iowa invention which is to "effect a perfect revolution in the sawing of wood" has been explained. It is a circular saw.

—A New York paper speaks of a popular steamship commander as a "working old salt," and the New Orleans *Times* wonders if he beats old "Epsom."

—A bright little boy about 4 years of age, son of a clergyman, was at your correspondent's house one evening with his parents, and I gave him a couple of 5 cent pieces. He laid them on the table, and putting his finger on one said, "This one I am going to give to the heathen, and the other one I am going to keep myself." He played with them awhile, till finally one of them rolled away and he could not find it. "Well," said I, "my lad, which one have you lost?" "Oh," said he, "I have lost the one I was going to give to the heathen."

—A little girl came into my house one day, and some apple parings lay on a plate on the table. After sitting awhile she said: "I smell apples!" "Yes," I replied, "I guess you smell those apple parings on the plate." "No! no!" said she, "'tain't them I smell, I smell whole apples!"